

FROM THE
Pyramids
TO THE
Acropolis



=====

Sacred Places Seen Through Biblical
Spectacles

— BY —

T. DE WITT TALMAGE

=====

PHILADELPHIA
HISTORICAL PUBLISHING COMPANY
1892

Copyright
By H. S. SMITH,
1892.
All rights reserved.

Press and Bindery
Historical Publishing Company,
Philadelphia.

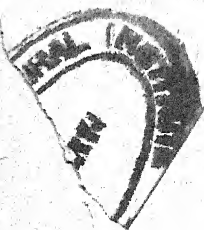
26

8

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
CE	21

THE GOSPEL OF THE PYRAMIDS	27
SAILING UP THE NILE	54
BRICKS WITHOUT STRAW	81
MALTA AND NO LITTLE KINDNESS	108
THE GOSPEL ARCHIPELAGO	135
A PATMOS VISION OF A BOOK	159
A PATMOS VISION OF GATES	181
A PATMOS VISION OF SILENCE	204
A PATMOS VISION OF PAIN BANISHED	226
THE TEMPLE OF DIANA	242
THE ACROPOLIS	266



PREFACE.

S

What the reader will find in subsequent pages is the result of impressions produced on my mind by a visit to lands made sacred by Biblical association. Every day of my journey amid these scenes of Gospel classics, I felt regret that I had not seen them many years before; but it was a satisfaction to me to find that early in life I had been enabled to form mental pictures of them so far adequate as to prevent mistakes in my attempts to describe

them. How much more graphic could I have been, however, had my actual observation of them been accomplished at an early period in my ministry! I hope earnestly that the time may come when a visit to Athens will be made a part of collegiate education, and a visit to Egypt and the Holy Land a part of theological education. Both culture and religion would be large gainers by such addition to the means of preparation for a useful life.

I found the New Testament the one indispensable guide in my visit to the sacred places of the East. What Bradshaw's Guide is to European travellers, and what Appleton's and Rand's Railroad Guides are to American travellers, the New Testament is to those who would walk or sail the places connected with events Paulinian, Johannian, and Christly. A prevalent mistake is, that the sacred places are interesting only because they are Biblical.

So far from this being the case, if Moses had never led Israel out of Egypt, and if Paul had never been shipwrecked, and if John had never been exiled to Patmos, all the places mentioned in this book would be absorbing, or inspiring, or solemnizing, or in some way mightily suggestive. Such rivers, such seas, such rocks, such archipelagoes! But when you add to their natural attractions the holy reminiscences which they excite, those places hold you with a power that will never relax.

There were circumstances which made me peculiarly receptive of sacred impressions at the time of my visit to the regions which are the subjects of this book. A burning church occupied my mind, yea, two burning churches, for we had seen two churches in conflagration. My imagination was filled with a third church, the ground for which I had broken the last thing before taking ship. The vivid memory

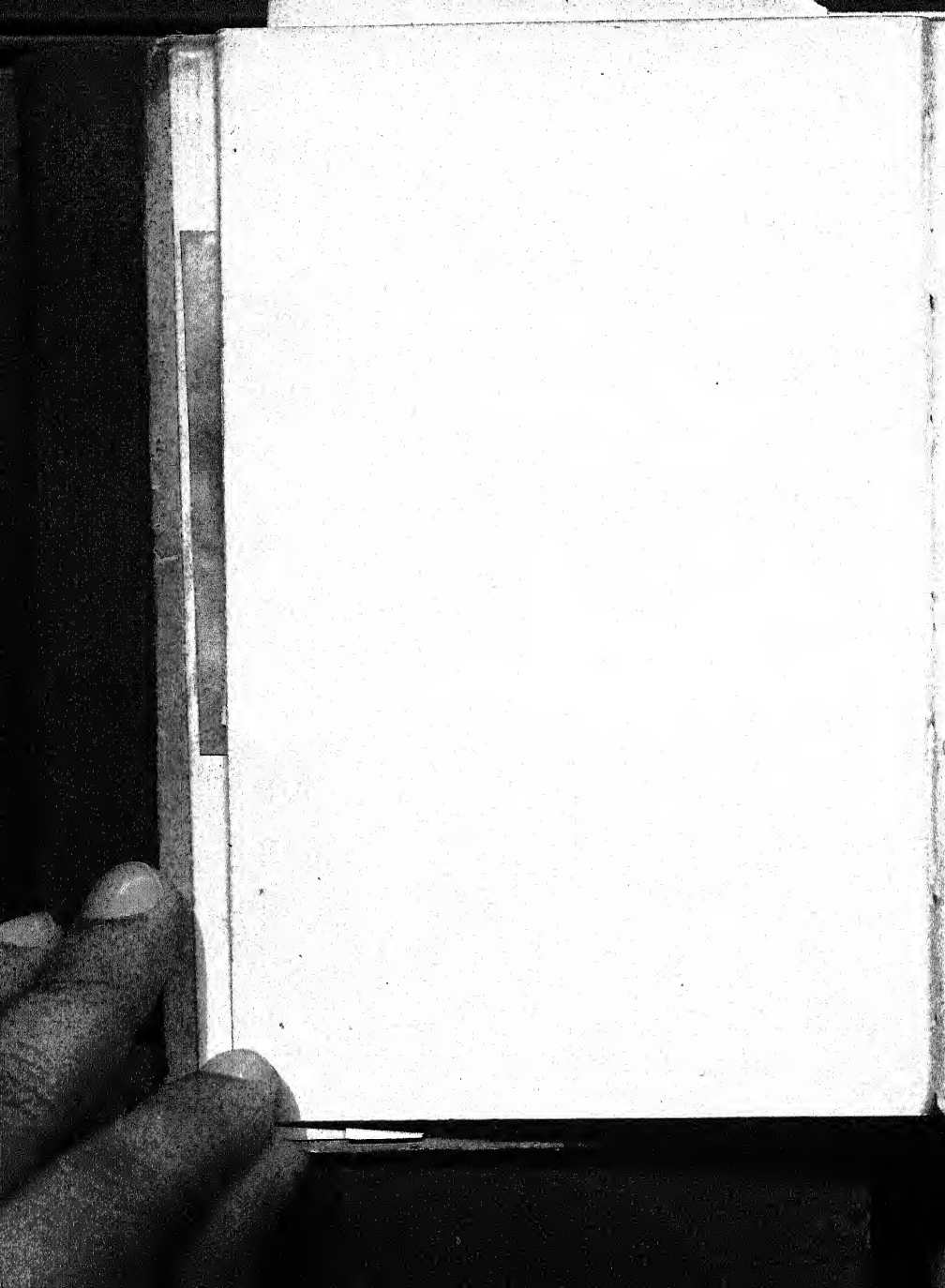
of two destroyed churches, and the uncertainties concerning the building of a third church in the same city and under the same pastorate, possessed me, and put me in that emotional frame of mind the most favorable to religious observation and reflection. What I saw and felt I can never fully tell, but this book reproduces vivid memories and experiences as I have found my best ability to relate them.

I ask the prayers of all who know how to pray, for the practical usefulness of this work, "From the Pyramids to the Acropolis." No one can foretell what will be the life of a book any more than what will be the life of an individual, but as there is no cessation of the generous interest with which the public receive my productions, and as there seems to be indeed a marvellously increased kindness toward what I write and say, I keep on, and now add this little volume to the works

which, by the goodness of God and the encouragement of the public, I have been enabled to send out.

T. DE WITT TALMAGE.

Brooklyn, N. Y.



The Gospel of the Pyramids.

"In that day shall there be an altar to the Lord in the midst of the land of Egypt, and a pillar at the border thereof to the Lord. And it shall be for a sign and for a witness." Isaiah xix : 19, 20.

ISAIAH no doubt here refers to the great Pyramid at Gizeh, the chief Pyramid of Egypt. The text speaks of a pillar in Egypt, and this is the greatest pillar ever lifted ; and the text says it is to be at the border of the land, and this Pyramid is at the border of the land ; and the text says it shall be for a witness, and the object of this sermon is to tell what this Pyramid witnesses.

We had on a morning of December, 1889, landed in Africa. Amid the howling boatmen at Alexandria we had come ashore and

taken the rail train for Cairo, Egypt, along the banks of the most thoroughly harnessed river of all the world—the river Nile. We had, at even-tide, entered the city of Cairo, the city where Christ dwelt while staying in Egypt during the Herodic persecution. It was our first night in Egypt. No destroying angel sweeping through, as once, but all the stars were out, and the skies were filled with angels of beauty and angels of light, and the air was as balmy as an American June. The next morning we were early awake and at the window, looking upon palm trees in full glory of leafage, and upon gardens of fruits and flowers at the very season when our homes far away are canopied by bleak skies and the last leaf of the forest has gone down in the equinoctials.

But how can I describe the thrill of expectation, for to-day we are to see what all the world has seen or wants to see—the Pyramids. We are mounted for an hour and a half's ride.

We pass on amid bazaars stuffed with rugs and carpets, and curious fabrics of all sorts from Smyrna, from Algiers, from Persia, from Turkey, and through streets where we meet people of all colors and all garbs, carts loaded with garden productions, priests in gowns, women in black veils, Bedouins in long and seemingly superfluous apparel, Janissaries in jacket of embroidered gold—out and on toward the Great Pyramid ; for though there are sixty-nine Pyramids still standing, the Pyramid at Gizeh is the monarch of Pyramids. We meet camels grunting under their load, and see buffaloes on either side, browsing in pasture fields. The road we travel is for part of the way under clumps of acacia, and by long rows of sycamore and tamarisk, but after awhile it is a path of rock and sand, and we find we have reached the margin of the desert, the great Sahara Desert, and we cry out to the dragoman as we see a huge pile of rock looming in sight : “ Dragoman, what

is that?" His answer is, "The Pyramid," and then it seemed as if we were living a century every minute. Our thoughts and emotions were too rapid and intense for utterance, and we ride on in silence until we come to the foot of the Pyramid spoken of in the text, the oldest structure in all the earth, four thousand years old at least. Here it is. We stand under the shadow of a structure that shuts out all the earth and all the sky, and we look up and strain our vision to appreciate the distant top, and are overwhelmed while we cry, "The Pyramid! The Pyramid!"

I had started that morning with the determination of ascending the Pyramid. One of my chief objects in going to Egypt was not only to see the base of that granitic wonder, but to stand on the top of it. Yet the nearer I came to this eternity in stone the more my determination was shaken. Its altitude to me was simply appalling. A great height has always been to me a most disagreeable sensation.

As we dismounted at the base of the Pyramid I said, "Others may go up it, but not I. I will satisfy myself with a view from the base. The ascent of it would be to me a foolhardy undertaking." But after I had given up all idea of ascending, I found my daughter was determined to go, and I could not let her go with strangers, and I changed my mind and we started with guides. It cannot be done without these helpers. Two or three times foolhardy men have attempted it alone, but their bodies came tumbling down unrecognizable and lifeless. Each person in our party had two or three guides or helpers. One of them unrolled his turban and tied it around my waist, and he held the other end of the turban as a matter of safety. Many of the blocks of stone are four or five feet high and beyond any ordinary human stride unless assisted. But, two Arabs to pull and two Arabs to push, I found myself rapidly ascending from height to height, and on, to altitudes

terrific, and at last at the tip top we found ourselves on a level space of about thirty feet square. Through clearest atmosphere we looked off upon the desert, and the Sphinx with its features of everlasting stone, and yonder upon the minarets of Cairo glittering in the sun, and yonder upon Memphis in ruins, and off upon the wreck of empires and the battle-fields of ages, a radius of view enough to fill the mind and overwhelm one's entire being.

After looking around for a while, and a kodak had pictured the group, we descended. The descent was more trying than the ascent, for climbing you need not see the depths beneath, but coming down it was impossible not to see the abysses below. But two Arabs ahead to help us down, and two Arabs to hold us back, we were lowered, hand below hand, until the ground was invitingly near, and amid the jargon of the Arabs we were safely landed.

I said the dominant color of the Pyramid was gray, but in certain lights it seems to shake off the gray of centuries and become a blonde and the silver turns to the golden. It covers thirteen acres of ground. What an antiquity ! It was at least two thousand years old when the baby Christ was carried within sight of it by his fugitive parents, Joseph and Mary. The storms of forty centuries have drenched it, bombarded it, shadowed it, flashed upon it, but there it stands ready to take another forty centuries of atmospheric attack if the world should continue to exist. The oldest buildings of the earth are juniors to this great senior of the centuries. Herodotus says that for ten years preparations were being made for the building of this Pyramid. It has eighty-two million one hundred and eleven thousand cubic feet of masonry. One hundred thousand workmen at one time toiled in its erection. To bring the stone from the quarries a causeway sixty feet wide was built.

The top stones were lifted by machinery such as the world knows nothing of to-day. It is seven hundred and forty-six feet each side of the square base. The structure is four hundred and fifty feet high, higher than the cathedrals of Cologne, Strasburg, Rouen, St. Peter's and St. Paul's. No surprise to me that it was put at the head of the Seven Wonders of the World. It has a subterraneous room of red granite called the "King's Chamber," and another room called the "Queen's Chamber," and the probability is that there are other rooms yet unexplored. The evident design of the architect was to make these rooms as inaccessible as possible. After all the work of exploration and all the digging and blasting, if you would enter these subterraneous rooms you must go through a passage only three feet eleven inches high and less than four feet wide. A sarcophagus of red granite stands down under this mountain of masonry. The sarcophagus could not have been carried

in after the Pyramid was built. It must have been put there before the structure was reared. Probably in that sarcophagus once lay a wooden coffin containing a dead king, but time has destroyed the coffin and destroyed the last vestige of human remains.

I wonder not that this mountain of limestone and red granite has been the fascination of scholars, of scientists, of intelligent Christians in all ages. Sir John Herschel, the astronomer, said he thought it had astronomical significance. The wise men who accompanied Napoleon's army into Egypt went into profound study of the Pyramid. In 1865, Professor Smyth and his wife lived in the empty tombs near by the Pyramid that they might be as continuously as possible close to the Pyramid, which they were investigating. The Pyramid, built more than four thousand years ago, being a complete geometrical figure, wise men have concluded it must have been divinely constructed. Man came through thou-

sands of years to fine architecture, to music, to painting, but this was perfect at the world's start, and God must have directed it. All astronomers and geometricians and scientists say that it was scientifically and mathematically constructed before science and mathematics were born. From the inscriptions on the Pyramid, from its proportions, from the points of the compass recognized in its structure, from the direction in which its tunnels run, from the relative position of the blocks that compose it, scientists, Christians and infidels have demonstrated that the being who planned this Pyramid must have known the world's sphericity, and that its motion was rotatory, and how many miles it was in diameter and circumference, and how many tons the world weighs, and knew at what point in the heavens certain stars would appear at certain periods of time. Not in the four thousand years since the putting up of that Pyramid has a single fact in astronomy or mathematics been found to con-

tradict the wisdom of that structure. Yet they had not at the age when the Pyramid was started an astronomer or an architect or a mathematician worth mentioning. Who then planned the Pyramid? Who superintended its erection? Who from its first foundation stone to its capstone erected everything? It must have been God. Isaiah was right when he said in my text, "A pillar shall be at the border of the land of Egypt and it shall be for a sign and a witness." The Pyramid is God's first Bible. Hundreds, if not thousands of years, before the first line of the Book of Genesis was written, the lesson of the Pyramid was written.

Well, of what is this Cyclopean masonry a sign and a witness? Among other things, of the prolongation of human work compared with the brevity of human life. In all the four thousand years this Pyramid has lost only eighteen feet in width, one side of its square at the base changed only from seven hundred and

sixty-four feet to seven hundred and forty-six feet and the most of that eighteen feet taken off by architects to furnish stone for building in the city of Cairo. The men who constructed the Pyramid worked at it only a few years and then put down the trowel and the compass and the square and lowered the derrick which had lifted the ponderous weights ; but forty centuries has their work stood and it will be good for forty centuries more. All Egypt has been shaken by terrible earthquakes and cities have been prostrated or swallowed, but that Pyramid has defied all volcanic paroxysms. It has looked upon some of the greatest battles ever fought since the world stood. Where are the men who constructed it ? Their bodies gone to dust and even the dust scattered. Even the sarcophagus in which the king's mummy may have slept is empty.

So men die but their work lives on. We are all building pyramids, not to last four thousand years, but forty thousand, forty mil-

lion, forty trillion, forty quadrillion, forty quintillion. For a while we wield the trowel or pound with the hammer or measure with the yard-stick or write with the pen, or experiment with the scientific battery, or plan with the brain, and for a while the foot walks and the eye sees, and the ear hears and the tongue speaks. All the good words or bad words we speak are spread out into one layer for a pyramid. All the kind deeds or malevolent deeds we do are spread out into another layer. All the Christian or unchristian example we set is spread out in another layer. All the indirect influences of our lives are spread out in another layer. Then the time soon comes when we put down the implement of toil and pass away, but the pyramid stands. The twentieth century will not rock it down, nor the thirtieth century nor the one hundredth century. The earthquake that rocks this world to pieces will not stop our influence for good or evil. You modestly say, "That is true in

regard to the great workers for good or evil, and of gigantic geniuses, Miltonian, or Talleyrandian, but not of me, for I live and work on a small scale." My hearer, remember that those who built the Pyramids were common workmen. Not one of them could lift one of those great stones. It took a dozen of them to lift one stone, and others just wielded a trowel, clicking it on the hard edge or smoothing the mortar between the layers. One hundred thousand men toiled on those sublime elevations. Cheops didn't build the Pyramid. Some master mason in the world's twilight didn't build the Pyramid. One hundred thousand men built it and perhaps from first to last two hundred thousand men. So with the pyramids now rising, pyramids of evil or pyramids of good. The pyramid of drunkenness rising ever since the time when Noah got drunk on wine, although there was at his time such a superabundance of water. All the saloonists of the ages adding their

layers of ale casks and wine pitchers and rum jugs until the pyramid overshadows the Great Sahara Desert of desolated homes, and broken hearts, and destroyed eternities. And as the pyramid still rises, layers of human skulls piled on top of human skulls and other mountains of human bones to whiten the peaks reaching unto the heavens, hundreds of thousands of people are building that pyramid. So with the pyramid of righteousness. Multitudes of hands are toiling on the steeps, hands infantile, hands octogenarian, masculine hands, female hands, strong hands, weak hands. Some clanging a trowel, some pulling a rope, some measuring the sides. Layers of psalm books on top of layers of sermons. Layers of prayers on top of layers of holy sacrifice. And hundreds of thousands coming down to sleep their last sleep, but other hundreds of thousands going up to take their places, and the pyramids will continue to rise until the millennial morning gilds the com-

pleted work, and the toilers on these heights shall take off their aprons and throw down their trowels, crying, "It is finished."

Your business and mine is not to build a pyramid but to be one of the hundreds of thousands who shall ring a trowel, or pull a rope, or turn the crank of a derrick, or cry "Yo heave!" while lifting another block to its elevation. Though it be seemingly a small work and a brief work, it is a work that shall last forever. In the last day many a man and woman whose work has never been recognized on earth will come to a special honor. I rejoice that all the thousands who have been toiling on the pyramid of righteousness will at last be recognized and rewarded—the mother who brought her children to Christ, the Sabbath teacher who brought her class to the knowledge of the truth, the unpretending man who saved a soul. Then the trowel will be more honored than the sceptre. As a great battle was going

on the soldiers were ordered to the front and a sick man jumped out of an ambulance in which he was being carried to the hospital. The surgeon asked him what he meant by getting out of the ambulance when he was sick and almost ready to die. The soldier answered, "Doctor, I am going to the front ; I would rather die on the field than die in an ambulance." Thank God, if we cannot do much we can do a little.

The Pyramid is a sign and a witness that big tombstones are not the best way of keeping one's self affectionately remembered. This Pyramid and sixty-nine other Pyramids still standing were built for sepulchres, all this great pile of granite and limestone by which we stand to-day, to cover the memory of a dead king. It was the great Westminster Abbey of the ancients. Some say that Cheops was the king who built this Pyramid, but it is uncertain. Who, pray, was Cheops? All that the world knows about him could be told

in a few sentences. The only thing certain is that he was bad and that he shut up the temples of worship and that he was hated so that the Egyptians were glad when he was dead. This Pyramid of rock seven hundred and forty feet each side of the square base and four hundred and fifty feet high wins for him no respect. If a bone of his arm or foot had been found in the sarcophagus beneath the Pyramid, it would have excited no more veneration than the skeleton of a camel bleaching on the Libyan desert ; yea, less veneration, for when I saw the carcase of a camel by the roadside on the way to Memphis, I said to myself, " Poor thing, I wonder of what it died." We say nothing against the marble or the bronze of the necropolis. Let all that sculpture and florescence and arborescence can do for the places of the dead be done, if means will allow it. But if after one is dead there is nothing left to remind the world of him but some pieces of stone, there is but little

left. Some of the finest monuments are over people who amounted to nothing while they lived, while some of the worthiest men and women have not had above them a stone big enough to tell their name. Joshua, the greatest warrior the world ever saw, no monument; Moses, the greatest lawyer that ever lived, no monument; Paul, the greatest preacher that ever lived, no monument; Christ, the Saviour of the world and the rapture of heaven, no monument. A Pyramid over scoundrelly Cheops, but only a shingle with a lead pencil epitaph over many a good man's grave. Some of the finest obituaries have been printed about the worst rascals. To-day at Brussels there is a pyramid of flowers on the grave of Boulanger, the notorious libertine. Yet it is natural to want to be remembered.

While there seems to be no practical use for post-mortem consideration later than the time of one's great grand-children, yet no one wants to be forgotten as soon as the obsequies

are over. This Pyramid, which Isaiah says is a sign and a witness, demonstrates that neither limestone nor red granite are competent to keep one affectionately remembered ; neither can bronze ; neither can Parian marble ; neither can Aberdeen granite do the work. But there is something out of which to build an everlasting monument and that will keep one freshly remembered four thousands years ; yea, for ever and ever. It does not stand in marble yards. It is not to be purchased at mourning stores. Yet it is to be found in every neighborhood, plenty of it, inexhaustible quantities of it. It is the greatest stuff in the universe to build monuments out of. I refer to the memories of those to whom we can do a kindness, the memories of those whose struggles we may alleviate, the memories of those whose souls we may save. All around Cairo and Memphis there are the remains of Pyramids that have gone down under the wearing away of time, and the

Great Pyramid, of which Isaiah in the text speaks, will vanish if the world lasts long enough ; and if the world does not last, then with the earth's dissolution the Pyramid will also dissolve. But the memories of those with whom we associate are indestructible. They will be more vivid the other side of the grave than this side. It is possible for me to do you a good and for you to do me a good that will be vivid in memory as many years after the world is burned up as all the sands of the seashore and all the leaves of the forest and all the grass blades of the field and all the stars of heaven added together, and that aggregate multiplied by all the figures that all the bookkeepers of all time ever wrote.

That desire to be remembered after we are gone is a divinely implanted desire and not to be crushed out, but, I implore you, seek something better than the immortalization of rock, or bronze or book. Put yourself into

the eternity of those whom you help for both worlds, this and the next. Comfort a hundred souls and there will be through all the cycles of eternity at least a hundred souls that will be your monuments. A prominent member of this church was brought to God by some one saying to her at the church door at the close of service, "Come again!" Will it be possible for that one so invited to forget the inviter? A minister passing along the street every day looked up and smiled to a baby in the window. The father and mother wondered who it was that thus pleasantly greeted their child. They found out that he was the pastor of a church. They said, "We must go and hear him preach." They went and heard him and both were converted to God. Will there be any power in fifty million years to erase from the souls of those parents the memory of that man who by his friendliness brought them to God? Matthew Cranswick, an evangelist, said that he had the names of

two hundred souls saved through his singing the hymn, "Arise, my soul, arise!" Will any of those two hundred souls in all eternity forget Matthew Cranswick? Will any of the four hundred and seventy-nine women and children imprisoned at Lucknow, India, waiting for massacre by the Sepoys, forget Havelock and Outram, and Sir David Beard, who broke in and effected their rescue? To some of you who have loved and served the Lord, heaven will be a great picture gallery of remembrance. Hosts of the glorified will never forget you. Ah, that is a way of building monuments that will never feel the touch of decay. I do not ask you to suppress this natural desire of being remembered after you are gone, but I only want you to put your memorials into a shape that will never weaken nor fade. During the course of my ministry I have been intimately associated in Christian work with hundreds of good men and women. My memory is hung with their portraits more

accurate and vivid than anything that Rembrandt ever put on canvas :—Father Grice, DeWitt C. Moore, Father Voorhees, E. P. Hopkins, William Stephens, John Van Rensselaer, Gasherie DeWitt, Dr. Ward, and hundreds of others all of them gone out of this life, but I hold the memory of them and shall hold them forever. They cannot escape from me. I shall remember them just as they looked on earth, and I shall remember many of you after the earth has been an extinct planet for ages infinite. Oh, what stuff the memory is for monument building !

As in Egypt that December afternoon, 1889, exhausted in body, mind, and soul, we mounted to return to Cairo, we took our last look of the Pyramid at Gizeh. And you know there is something in the air toward evening that seems productive of solemn and tender emotion, and that Great Pyramid seemed to be humanized and with lips of stone it seemed to speak and cry out : “Hear me,

man, mortal and immortal ! My voice is the voice of God. He designed me. Isaiah said I should be a sign and a witness. I saw Moses when he was a lad. I witnessed the long procession of the Israelites as they started to cross the Red Sea and Pharaoh's host in pursuit of them. The falcons and the eagles of many centuries have brushed my brow. I stood here when Cleopatra's barge landed with her sorceries, and Hypatia for her virtues was slain in yonder streets. Alexander the Great, Sesostris and Ptolemy admired my proportions. Herodotus and Pliny sounded my praise. I am old, I am very old. For thousands of years I have watched the coming and going of generations. They tarry only a little while, but they make everlasting impression. I bear on my side the mark of the trowel and chisel of those who more than four thousand years ago expired. Beware what you do, oh, man ! for what you do will last long after you are dead ! If you would be affectionately re-

membered after you are gone, trust not to any earthly commemoration. I have not one word to say about any astronomer who studied the heavens from my heights or any king who was sepulchred in my bosom. I am slowly passing away. I am a dying Pyramid. I shall yet lie down in the dust of the plain and the sands of the desert shall cover me, or when the earth goes I shall go. But you are immortal. The feet with which you climbed my sides to-day will turn to dust, but you have a soul that will outlast me and all my brotherhood of Pyramids. Live for eternity! Live for God! With the shadows of the evening now falling from my side, I pronounce upon you a benediction. Take it with you across the Mediterranean. Take it with you across the Atlantic. God only is great! Let all the earth keep silence before Him. Amen." And then the lips of granite hushed, and the great giant of masonry wrapped himself again in the silence of ages, and as I rode away

in the gathering twilight, this course of sermons was projected.

“Wondrous Egypt ! Land of ancient pomp and pride,
Where Beauty walks by hoary Ruin’s side,
Where plenty reigns and still the seasons smile,
And rolls—rich gift of God—exhaustless Nile.”

Sailing up the Nile.

“The river is mine, and I have made it.”—Ezekiel
xxix : 9.

AHA ! This is the river Nile. A brown, or yellow, or silver cord on which are hung more jewels of thrilling interest than on any river that was ever twisted in the sunshine. It ripples through the book of Ezekiel, and flashes in the books of Deuteronomy and Isaiah and Zechariah and Nahum, and on its banks stood the mightiest of many ages. It was the crystal cradle of Moses, and on its banks, Mary, the refugee, carried the infant Jesus. To find the birthplace of this river was the fascination and defeat of expeditions without number. Not many years ago, Bayard

Taylor, our great American traveller, wrote: "Since Columbus first looked upon San Salvador, the earth has but one emotion of triumph left for her bestowal, and that she reserves for him who shall first drink from the fountains of the White Nile under the snow fields of Kilimanjaro." But the discovery of the sources of the Nile by most people was considered an impossibility. The malarias, the wild beasts, the savages, the unclimbable steeps, the vast distances, stopped all the expeditions for ages. An intelligent native said to Sir Samuel W. Baker and wife as they were on their way to accomplish that in which others had failed: "Give up the mad scheme of the Nile source. How would it be possible for a lady young and delicate to endure what would kill the strongest man? Give it up." But the work went on until Speke, and Grant, and Baker found the two lakes which are the source of what was called the White Nile, and baptized these two lakes with the names of

Victoria and Albert. These two lakes, filled by great rainfalls and by accumulated snows from the mountains, pour their waters, laden with agricultural wealth such as blesses no other river, on down over the cataracts, on between frowning mountains, on between cities living and cities dead, on for four thousand miles and through a continent. But the White Nile would do little for Egypt if this were all. It would keep its banks and Egypt would remain a desert. But from Abyssinia there comes what is called the Blue Nile, which, though dry or nearly dry half the year, under tremendous rains about the middle of June rises to great momentum, and this Blue Nile dashes with sudden influx into the White Nile, which in consequence rises thirty feet, and their combined waters inundate Egypt with a rich soil which drops on all the fields and gardens as it is conducted by ditches, and sluices, and canals every whither. The greatest damage that ever came to Egypt came by

the drying up of the river Nile, and the greatest blessing by its healthful and abundant flow. The famine in Joseph's time came from the lack of sufficient inundation from the Nile. Not enough Nile is drouth, too much Nile is freshet and plague. The rivers of the earth are the mothers of its prosperity. If by some convulsion of nature the Mississippi should be taken from North America, or the Amazon from South America, or the Danube from Europe, or the Yenesei from Asia—what hemispheric calamity! Still there are other rivers that could fertilize and save these countries. Our own continent is gulched, is ribboned, is glorified by innumerable water-courses. But Egypt has only one great river, and that is harnessed to draw all the prosperities of realms in acreage semi-infinite. What happens to the Nile, happens to Egypt. The Nilometer was to me very suggestive as we went up and down its damp stone steps and saw the pillar marked with inches telling just

how high or low are the waters of the Nile. When the Nile is rising, four criers every morning run through the city announcing how many feet the river has risen—ten feet, fifteen feet, twenty feet, twenty-four feet; and when the right height of water is reached the gates of the canals are flung open and the liquid and refreshing benediction is pronounced on all the land.

As we start where the Nile empties into the Mediterranean Sea we behold a wonderful fulfilment of prophecy. The Nile in very ancient times used to have seven mouths. As the great river approached the sea it entered the sea at seven different places. Isaiah prophesied, "The Lord shall utterly destroy the tongue of the Egyptian Sea and shall smite it in the seven streams." The fact is they are all destroyed but two, and Herodotus said these two remaining are artificial. Up the Nile we shall go; part of the way by Egyptian rail train and then by boat, and we shall

understand why the Bible gives such prominence to this river which is the largest river of all the earth, with one exception. But before we board the train we must take a look at Alexandria. It was founded by Alexander the Great and was once the New York, the Paris, the London of the world. Temples, palaces, fountains, gardens, pillared and efflorescent with all architectural and Edenic grandeur and sweetness. Apollos, the eloquent, whom in New Testament times some people tried to make a rival to Paul, lived here. Here Mark, the author of the second book of the New Testament, expired under Nero's anathema. From here the ship sailed that left Paul and the crew struggling in the breakers of Melita. Pompey's Pillar is here, about one hundred feet high, its base surrounded by so much filth and squalor I was glad to escape into an air that was breathable. This tower was built in honor of Diocletian for sparing the rebellious citizens. After having declared that he

would make the blood run to his horse's knees, his horse falling with him into the blood and his knees being reddened, the tyrant took it for granted that was a sign he should stop the massacre and hence this commemorative pillar to his mercy. This is the city to which Omar came after building fourteen hundred mosques, and destroying four thousand temples and thirty-five thousand villages and castles, yet riding in on a camel with a sack of corn, a sack of figs and a wooden plate, all that he had kept for himself; and the diet to which he had limited himself for most of the time was bread and water. Was there ever in any other man a commingling of elements so strange, so weird, so generous, so cruel, so mighty, so weak, so religious, so fanatical? In this city was the greatest female lecturer the world ever saw—Hypatia. But the lessons of virtue that she taught were obnoxious, and so they dragged her through the streets and scraped her flesh from her bones with

sharp oyster shells and then burned the fragments of the massacred body. And here dwelt Cleopatra, pronounced to be the beauty of all time—although if her pictures are correct I have seen a thousand women in Brooklyn more attractive—and she was as bad as she was said to be handsome. Queen, conqueress, and spoke seven languages, although it would have been better for the world if she had not been able to speak any. Julius Cæsar conquered the world, yet she conquered Julius Cæsar.

But Alexandria, fascinating for this or that thing, according to the taste of the visitor, was to me most entertaining because it had been the site of the greatest library that the world ever saw, considering the fact that the art of printing had not been invented. Seven hundred thousand volumes and all the work of a slow pen. But down it all went under the torch of besiegers. Built again and destroyed again. Built again, but the Arabs came along

for its final demolition, and the four thousand baths of the city were heated with those volumes, the fuel lasting six months, and were ever fires kindled at such fearful cost? What holocausts of the world's literature! What martyrdom of books! How many of them have gone down under the rage of nations. Only one book has been able to withstand the bombardment and that has gone through without smell of fire on its lids. No sword or spear or musket for its defence. An unarmed New Testament. An unarmed Old Testament. Yet invulnerable and triumphant. There must be something supernatural about it. Conqueror of books! Monarch of books! All the books of all the ages in all the libraries outshone by this one book which you and I can carry to church in a pocket. So methought amid the ashes of Alexandrian libraries.

But all aboard the Egyptian rail train going up the banks of the Nile! Look out of the window and see those camels kneeling for the

imposition of their load. And I think we might take from them a lesson, and instead of trying to stand upright in our own strength, become conscious of our weakness and need of divine help before we take upon us the heavy duties of the year or the week or the day, and so kneel for the burden. We meet processions of men and beasts on the way from their day's work, but alas for the homes to which the poor inhabitants are going! For the most part hovels of mud. But there is something in the scene that thoroughly enlists us. It is the novelty of wretchedness and a scene of picturesque rags. For thousands of years this land has been under a very damnation of taxes. Nothing but Christian civilization will roll back the influences which are "spoiling the Egyptians." There are gardens and palaces, but they belong to the rulers.

About here, under the valiant Murad Bey, the Mamelukes, who are the finest horsemen in all the world, came like a hurricane upon

Napoleon's army, but they were beaten back by the French in one of the fiercest battles of all time. Then the Mamelukes turned their horses' heads the other way, and in desperation backed them against the French troops, hoping the horses would kick the life out of the French regiments. The Mamelukes failing again, plunged into this Nile and were drowned, the French for days fishing out the dead bodies of the Mamelukes to get the valuables upon their bodies. Napoleon, at the daring of these Mamelukes, exclaimed, "Could I have united the Mameluke horse to the French infantry, I should have reckoned myself master of the world."

This ride along the Nile is one of the most solemn and impressive rides of all my lifetime, and our emotions deepen as the curtains of the night fall upon all surroundings. But we shall not be satisfied until we can take a ship and pass right out upon these wondrous waters and between the banks crowded with the story of empires.

According to the lead pencil mark in my Bible it was Thanksgiving Day morning, November 28th, 1889, that with my family and friends we stepped aboard the steamer on the Nile. The Mohammedan call to prayers had been sounded by the priests of that religion, the Muezzins, from the four hundred mosques of Cairo, as the cry went out: "God is great. I bear witness that there is no God but God. I bear witness that Mohammed is the apostle of God. Come to prayers. Come to salvation. God is great. There is no other but God. Prayers are better than sleep." The sky and city and palm groves and river shipping were bathed in the light. It was not much of a craft that we boarded. It would not be hailed on any of our rivers with any rapture of admiration. It fortunately had but little speed, for twice we ran aground and the sailors jumped into the water and on their shoulders pushed her out. But what yacht of gayest sportsman, what deck of swiftest ocean queen

could give such thrill of rapture as a sail on the Nile? The Pyramids in sight, the remains of cities that are now only a name, the villages thronged with population. Both banks crowded with historical deeds of forty or sixty centuries. Oh, what a Book the Bible is when read on the Nile !

As we slowly move up the majestic river I see on each bank the wheels, the pumps, the buckets for irrigation, and see a man with his foot on the treadle of a wheel that fetches up the water for a garden, and then for the first time I understand that passage in Deuteronomy which says of the Israelites after they had got back from Egypt : "The land whither thou goest in to possess it, is not as the land of Egypt from whence ye came out, where thou sowedst thy seed, and wateredst it with thy foot." Then I understood how the land could be watered with the foot. How do you suppose I felt when on the deck of that steamer on the Nile I looked off upon the canals

and ditches and sluices through which the fields are irrigated by that river, and then read in Isaiah : " The burden of Egypt. The river shall be wasted and dried up, and they shall turn the rivers far away ; and the brooks of defence shall be emptied and dried up ; and they shall be broken in the purposes thereof,—all that make sluices and ponds for fish." That Thanksgiving morning on the Nile I found my text of to-day. Pharaoh in this chapter is compared to the dragon or hippopotamus suggested by the crocodiles that used to line the banks of this river : " Thus saith the Lord God ;—Behold I am against thee, Pharaoh King of Egypt, the great dragon that lieth in the midst of his rivers, which hath said, My river is mine own, and I have made it for myself. But I will put hooks in thy jaws, and I will cause the fish of thy rivers to stick unto thy scales, and I will bring thee up out of the midst of thy rivers, and all the fish of thy rivers shall stick unto thy scales, and the

land of Egypt shall be desolate and waste ; and they shall know that I am the Lord : because he hath said the river is mine, and I have made it."

While sailing on this river or stopping at one of the villages, we see people on the banks who verify the Bible description, for they are now as they were in Bible times. Shoes are now taken off in reverence to sacred places. Children carried astride the mother's shoulder, as in Hagar's time. Women with profusion of jewelry, as when Rebecca was affianced. Lentils shelled into the pottage, as when Esau sold his birthright to get such a dish. The same habits of salutation as when Joseph and his brethren fell on each other's necks. Courts of law held under big trees, as in olden times. People making bricks without straw, compelled by circumstances to use stubble instead of straw. Flying over or standing on the banks, as in Scripture days, are flamingoes, ospreys, eagles, pelicans,

herons, cuckoos and bullfinches. On all sides of this river sepulchres. Villages of sepulchres. Cities of sepulchres. Nations of sepulchres. And one is tempted to call it an empire of tombs. I never saw such a place as Egypt is for graves. And now we understand the complaining sarcasm of the Israelites when they were on the way from Egypt to Canaan: "Because there were no graves in Egypt, hast thou taken us away to die in the wilderness?" Down the river bank come the buffalo and the cattle or kine to drink. And it was the ancestors of these cattle that inspired Pharaoh's dream of the lean kine and the fat kine.

Here we disembark a little while for Memphis, off from the Nile to the right. Memphis founded by the first king of Egypt and for a long while the capital. A city of marble and gold. Home of the Pharaohs. City nineteen miles in circumference. Vast colonnades through which imposing processions marched.

Here stood the Temple of the Sun, itself in brilliancy a sun shone on by another sun. Thebes in power over a thousand one hundred years, or nearly ten times as long as the United States has existed. Here is a recumbent statue seventy-five feet long. Bronzed gateways. A necropolis called "the haven of the blest." Here Joseph was prime minister. Here Pharaoh received Jacob. All possible splendors were built up into this royal city. Hosea, Ezekiel, Jeremiah and Isaiah speak of it as something wonderful. Never did I visit a city with such exalted anticipations and never did my anticipations drop so flat. Not a pillar stands. Not a wall is unbroken. Not a fountain tosses in the sun. Even the ruins have been ruined, and all that remain are chips of marble, small pieces of fractured sculpture and splintered human bones. Here and there a letter of some elaborate inscription, a toe or ear of a statue that once stood in niche of palace wall. Eze-

kiel prophesied its blotting-out, and the prophecy has been fulfilled. "Ride on," I said to our party, "and don't wait for me." And as I stood there alone, the city of Memphis in the glory of past centuries returned. And I heard the rush of her chariots and the dash of her fountains and the conviviality of her palaces, and saw the drunken nobles roll on the floors of mosaic, while in startling contrast, amid all the regalities of the place, I saw Pharaoh look up into the face of aged rustic Jacob, the shepherd, saying, "How old art thou?"

But back to the Nile and on and up till you reach Thebes, in Scripture called the City of No. Hundred-gated Thebes. A quadrangular city four miles from limit to limit. Four great temples, two of them Karnac and Luxor, once mountains of exquisite sculpture and gorgeous dreams solidified in stone. Statue of Rameses II, eight hundred and eighty-seven tons in weight and seventy-five

feet high, but now fallen and scattered. Walls abloom with the battlefields of centuries. The surrounding hills of rock hollowed into sepulchres on the wall of which are chiselled in picture and hieroglyphics the confirmation of Bible story in regard to the treatment of the Israelites in Egypt, so that, as explorations go on with the work, the walls of these sepulchres become commentaries of the Bible, the Scriptures originally written upon parchment here cut into everlasting stone. Thebes mighty and dominant five hundred years. Then she went down in fulfilment of Ezekiel's prophecy concerning the City of No, which was another name for Thebes : "I will execute judgment in No. I will cut off the multitudes of No." Jeremiah also prophesied, "Thus saith the Lord, I will punish the multitudes of No." This city of Thebes and all the other dead cities of Egypt iterate and reiterate the veracity of the Scriptures, telling the

same story which Moses and the prophets told. Have you noticed how God kept back these archæological confirmations of the Bible until our time, when the air is full of unbelief about the truthfulness of the dear old Book?

He waited until the printing press had been set up in its perfected shape, and the submarine cable was laid, and the whole world was intelligent enough to appreciate the testimony, and then he resurrected the dead cities of the earth, and commands them, saying, "Open your long sealed lips and speak! Memphis and Thebes! Is the Bible true?" "True!" respond Memphis and Thebes. "Babylon! Is the Book of Daniel true?" "True!" responds Babylon. "Ruins of Palestine and Syria! Is the New Testament true?" "True!" respond the ruins all the way from Joppa to the Dead Sea, and from Jerusalem to Damascus. What a mercy that this testimony of the dead cities should come at a time when the Bible is especially assailed. And

this work will go on until the veracity and divinity of the Scriptures will be as certain to all sensible men and women as that two and two make four, as that an isosceles triangle is one which has two of its sides equal, as that the diameter of a circle is a line drawn through the centre and terminated by the circumference, as certain as any mathematical demonstration. Never did I feel more encouraged than when after preaching a sermon on evidences of the truth of the Bible drawn from Oriental lands, a distinguished senator of the United States, known and honored everywhere, but now deceased, came up to the platform and said: "I was brought up in the faith of Christianity, but I got speculating on all these subjects, and had given up my faith in the Bible, but those facts and arguments archæological take me back to my old faith in the Bible, which my father and mother taught me." The tears rolling down his cheeks evinced the depth of his emotion. When I

read of the senator's death I was comforted to think that perhaps I may have helped him a little in the struggle of his life, and perhaps given him an easier pillow on which to die.

Two great nations, Egypt and Greece, diplomatized and almost came to battle for one book, a copy of Æschylus. Ptolemy, the Egyptian king, discovered that in the great library at Alexandria there was no copy of Æschylus. The Egyptian king sent up to Athens, Greece, to borrow the book and make a copy of it. Athens demanded a deposit of seventeen thousand seven hundred dollars as security. The Egyptian king received the book, but refused to return that which he had borrowed, and so forfeited the seventeen thousand seven hundred dollars. The two nations rose in contention concerning that one book. Beautiful and mighty book indeed ! But it is a book of horrors, the dominant idea that we are the victims of hereditary influences from which there is no escape, and that Fate

rules the world ; and although the author does tell of Prometheus who was crucified on the rocks for sympathy for mankind, a powerful suggestion of the sacrifice of Christ in later years, it is a very poor book compared with that Book which we hug to our hearts because it contains our only guide in life, our only comfort in death, and our only hope for a blissful immortality. If two nations could afford to struggle for one copy of Æschylus, how much more can all nations afford to struggle for the possession and triumph of the Holy Scriptures !

But the dead cities strung along the Nile not only demolish infidelity, but thunder down the absurdity of the modern doctrine of evolution, which says the world started with nothing and then rose, and human nature began with nothing but evolved into splendid manhood and womanhood of itself. Nay ; the sculpture of the world was more wonderful in the days of Memphis and Thebes and

Carthage than in the days of Boston and New York. Those blocks of stone weighing three hundred tons high up in the wall at Karnac imply machinery equal to, if not surpassing, the machinery of the nineteenth century. How was that statue of Rameses, weighing eight hundred and eighty-seven tons, transported from the quarries two hundred miles away, and how was it lifted? Tell us, modern machinists. How were those galleries of rock, still standing at Thebes, filled with paintings surpassed by no artist's pencil of the present day? Tell us, artists of the nineteenth century. The dead cities of Egypt so far as they have left enough pillars or statues or sepulchres or temple ruins to tell the story—Memphis, Migdol, Hierapolis, Zoan, Thebes, Goshen, Carthage—all of them developing downward instead of upward. They have evolved from magnificence into destruction. The Gospel of Jesus Christ is the elevator of individual and social national character. Let

all the living cities know that pomp and opulence and temporal prosperity are no security. Those ancient cities lacked nothing but good morals. Dissipation and sin slew them, and unless dissipation and sin are halted, they will some day slay our modern cities, and leave our palaces of merchandise and our galleries of art and our city halls as flat in the dust as we found Memphis on the afternoon of that Thanksgiving Day. And if the cities go down, the nation will go down. "Oh," you say, "that is impossible ; we have stood so long—yea, over a hundred years as a nation." Why, what of that? Thebes stood five hundred years ; Memphis stood a thousand years. God does not forget. One day with the Lord is as a thousand years and a thousand years as one day. Rum and debauchery and bad politics are more rapidly working the destruction of our American cities than sin of any kind and all kinds worked for the destruction of the cities of Africa, once so mighty and

now so prostrate. But their gods were idols, and could do nothing except for debasement. Our God made the heavens and sent His Son to redeem the nations. And our cities will not go down, and our nation will not perish because the Gospel is going to triumph. Forward ! all schools and colleges and churches ! Forward ! all reformatory and missionary organizations. Forward ! all the influences marshalled to bless the world. Let our modern European and American cities listen to the voice of those ancient cities resurrected, and by hammer and chisel and crow-bar compelled to speak.

I notice the voice of those ancient cities is hoarse from the exposure of forty centuries, and they accentuate slowly with lips that were palsied for ages, but altogether those cities along the Nile intone these words: "Hear us, for we are very old, and it is hard for us to speak. We were wise long before Athens learned her first lesson. We sailed

our ships while yet navigation was unborn. We sinned and we fell. Our learning could not save us : see those half-obliterated hieroglyphics on yonder wall. Our architecture could not save us : see the painted columns of Philæ. Our heroes could not save us : witness this, Menes, Diodorus, Rameses and Ptolemy. Our gods Ammon and Osiris could not save us : see their fallen temples all along the four thousand miles of Nile. O, ye modern cities, get some other God—a God who can help, a God who can pardon, a God who can save. Called up as we are for a little while to give testimony, again the sands of the desert will bury us. Ashes to ashes, dust to dust !” And as these voices of porphyry and granite ceased, all the sarcophagi under the hills responded, “ Ashes to ashes !” and the capital of a lofty column fell grinding itself to powder among the rocks, and responding, “ Dust to dust !”

Bricks Without Straw.

"The Burden of Egypt."—Isaiah xix. 1.

WHAT is all this excitement about in the streets of Cairo, Egypt, this December morning in 1889? Stand back! We hear loud voices and see the crowds of people retreating to the sides of the street. The excitement of others becomes our own excitement. Footmen come in sight. They have a rod in hand and tasselled cap on head, and their arms and feet are bare. Their garb is black to the waist, except as threaded with gold, and the rest is white. They are clearing the way for an official dignitary in a chariot or carriage. They are swift and sometimes run thirty or forty miles at a stretch in front of an equipage. Make way! They are the fleetest-footed men on earth, but soon die, for

the human frame was not made for such endurance. I asked all around me who the man in the carriage was, but no one seemed to know. Yet as I fell back with the rest to the wall I said, this is the old custom found all up and down the Bible, footmen running before the rulers, demanding obeisance, as in Genesis before Joseph's chariot the people were commanded, "Bow the knee;" and as I saw the swift feet of the men followed by the swift feet of the horses, how those old words of Jeremiah rushed through my mind: "If thou hast run with the footmen and they have wearied thee, how canst thou contend with horses?"

Now, my hearers, in this course of sermons I am only serving you as footman, and clearing the way for your coming into the wonders of Egyptology, a subject that I would have you study far beyond anything that can be said in the brevity of pulpit utterance. Two hundred and eighty-nine times does the Bible

refer to Egypt and the Egyptians. No wonder, for Egypt was the mother of nations. Egypt, the mother of Greece; Greece, the mother of Rome; Rome, the mother of England; England, the mother of our own land. According to that Egypt is our great-great grandmother. On other Sabbaths I left you studying what they must have been in their glory: the Hypostyle Hall of Karnac, the architectural miracles at Luxor, the Colonnade of Horemheb, the cemeteries of Memphis, the value of a kingdom in one monument, the Sphinx, which with lips of stone speaks loud enough to be heard across the centuries; Heliopolis and Zoan, the conundrum of archæologists. But all that extravagance of palace and temple and monument was the cause of an oppression high as heaven and deep as hell. The weight of those blocks of stone, heavier than any modern machinery could lift, came down upon the Hebrew slaves, and their blood mixed the mortar for the trowels.

We saw again and again on and along the Nile a boss workman roughly smite a subordinate who did not please him. It is no rare occurrence to see long lines of men under heavy burdens passing by taskmasters at short distances, lashing them as they go by into greater speed, and then these workmen, exhausted by the blasting heats of the day, lying down upon the bare ground, suddenly chilled with the night air, crying out in prayer, "Ya! Allah!" "Ya! Allah!" which means Oh! God! Oh! God! But what must have been the olden times cruelty shown by the Egyptians towards their Israelitish slaves is indicated by a picture in the Beni-Hassan tombs, where a man is held down on his face by two men, and another holds up the victim's feet, while the officials beat the bare back of the victim, every stroke, I have no doubt, fetching the blood.

Now you see how the Pharaohs could afford to build such costly works. It cost them nothing for wages, nothing but the tears and

blood of the toilers, and tears and blood are a cheap drink for devils. "Bricks without straw" may not suggest so much hardship until you know that the bricks were usually made with "crushed straw," straw crushed by the feet of the oxen in the threshing, and, this crushed straw denied to the workmen, they had to pick up here and there a piece of stubble or gather rushes from the water-side. This story of the Bible is confirmed by the fact that many of the brick walls of Egypt have on the lower layer bricks made with straw, but the higher layers of brick made out of rough straw, or rushes from the river bank, the truth of the book of Exodus thus written in the brick walls discovered by the modern explorers.

That governmental outrage has always been a characteristic of Egyptian rulers. Taxation to the point of starvation was the Egyptian rule in the Bible times as well as it is in our own time. A modern traveller gives the fig-

ures concerning the cultivation of seventeen acres, the value of the yield of the field stated in piasters :

Produce,	.	.	.	1802
Expenses,	.	.	.	993½
				<hr/>
Clear produce,	.	.	.	808½
Taxes,	.	.	.	493
				<hr/>
Amount cleared by the farmer,				315½

Or, as my authority declares, seventy per cent. of what the Egyptian farmer makes is paid for taxes to the government. Now, that is not so much taxation as assassination. What think you of that, you who groan under heavy taxes in America? I have heard that in Egypt the working people have a song like this : " They starve us, they starve us, they beat us, they beat us, but there's some one above, there's some one above, who will punish them well, who will punish them well." But seventy per cent. of government tax in Egypt is a mercy as compared to what the Hebrew

slaves suffered there in Bible times. They got nothing but food hardly fit for a dog, and their clothing was of one rag, and their roof a burning sky by day and the stars of heaven by night. You say, "Why did they stand it?" Because they had to stand it. You see along back in the world's twilight there was a famine in Canaan, and old Jacob and his sons came to Egypt for bread. The old man's boy Joseph was prime minister, and Joseph—I suppose the father and the brothers called him Joe, for it does not make any difference how much a boy is advanced in worldly success, his father and brothers and sisters always call him by the same name that he was called by when two years old—Joseph, by Pharaoh's permission gave to his family, who had just arrived, the richest part of Egypt, the Westchester farms or the Lancaster farms of the ancients. Jacob's descendants rapidly multiplied. After a while Egypt took a turn at famine, and those descendants of Jacob, the

Israelites, came to a great storehouse which Joseph had provided, and paid in money for corn. But after a while the money gave out and then they paid in cattle. After a while the cattle were all in possession of the government, and then the Hebrews bought corn from the government by surrendering themselves as slaves.

Then began slavery in Egypt. The government owned all the Hebrews. And let modern lunatics, who in America propose handing over telegraph companies and railroads and other things to be run by the government see the folly of letting government get its hand on everything. I would rather trust the people than any government the United States ever had or will have. Woe worth the day when legislators and congresses and administrations get possession of anything more than it is necessary for them to have. That would be the revival in this land of that old Egyptian tyranny for which God has never

had anything but red-hot thunderbolts. But through such unwise processes Israel was enslaved in Egypt, and the long line of agonies began all up and down the Nile. Heavier and sharper fell the lash, hungrier and ghastlier grew the workmen, louder and longer went up the prayer, until three millions of the enslaved were crying, "Ya! Allah! Ya! Allah!" Oh! God! Oh! God!

Where was help to come from? Not the throne, Pharaoh sat upon that. Not the army, Pharaoh's officers commanded that. Not surrounding nations, Pharaoh's threat made them all tremble. Not the gods, Ammon and Osiris, or the goddess Isis, for Pharaoh built their temples out of the groans of this diabolical servitude. But one hot day the princess Thonoris, the daughter of Pharaoh, while in her bathing-house on the banks of the Nile, has word brought her that there is a baby afloat on the river in a cradle made out of big leaves. Of course there is excite-

ment all up and down the banks, for an ordinary baby in an ordinary cradle attracts smiling attention, but an infant in a cradle of papyrus rocking on the river arouses not only admiration but curiosity. Who made that boat? Who made it water-tight with bitumen? Who launched it? Reckless of the crocodiles which lay basking themselves in the sun, the maidens wade in and snatch up the child, and first one carries him and then another carries him, and all the way up the bank he runs a gauntlet of caresses, till Thonoris rushes out of the bathing-house and says, "Beautiful foundling, I will adopt you as my own. You shall yet wear the Egyptian crown and sit on the Egyptian throne." No! No! No! He is to be the emancipator of the Hebrews. Tell it in all the brick kilns. Tell it among all those who are writhing under the lash, tell it among all the castles of Memphis and Heliopolis and Zoan and Thebes. Before him a sea will part. On a mountain top,

alone, this one will receive from the Almighty a law that is to be the foundation of all good law while the world lasts. When he is dead God will come down on Nebo and alone bury him, no man or woman or angel worthy to attend the obsequies. The child grows up and goes out and studies the horrors of Egyptian oppression, and suppresses his indignation for the right time has not come, although once for a minute he let fly and when he saw a taskmaster put the whip on the back of a workman who was doing his best and heard the poor fellow cry and saw the blood spurt, Moses doubled up his fist and struck him on the temple till the cruel villain rolled over in the sand exanimate and never swung the lash again. Served him right!

But, Moses, are you going to undertake the impossibilities? You feel that you are going to free the Hebrews from bondage, but where is your army? Where is your navy? Not a sword have you, not a spear, not a chariot, not

a horse. Ah! God was on his side and he has an army of his own. The snow-storms are on God's side: witness the snow banks in which the French army of invasion were buried on their way back from Moscow. The rain is on his side: witness the 18th of June at Waterloo when the tempests so saturated the road that the attack could not be made on Wellington's forces until eleven o'clock and he was strong enough to hold out until reinforcements arrived. Had that battle been opened at five o'clock in the morning instead of at eleven the destiny of Europe would have been turned the wrong way. The heavy rain decided everything. So also are the winds and the waves on God's side: witness the Armada, with one hundred and fifty ships and twenty-six hundred and fifty guns and eight thousand sailors and twenty thousand soldiers, sent out by Philip II of Spain to conquer England. What became of men and shipping? Ask the wind and the waves all along the English and

Irish coasts. The men and the ships all wrecked or drowned or scattered. So I expect that Moses will be helped in rescuing the Israelites by a special weaponry.

To the Egyptians the Nile was a deity. Its waters were very delicious. It was the finest natural beverage of all the earth. We have no such love for the Hudson, and Germans have no such love for the Rhine, and Russians have no such love for the Volga, as the Egyptians have love for the Nile. But one day when Pharaoh comes down to this river Moses takes a stick and whips the waters and they turn into the gore of a slaughter-house, and through the sluices and fish-ponds the incarnadined liquid backs up into the land and the malodor whelms everything from mud hovel to throne-room. Then came the frogs with horrible croak all over everything. Then this people, cleanly almost to fastidiousness, were infested with insects that belong to the filthy and unkempt, and the air buzzed and

buzzed with flies, and then the distemper started cows to bellowing and horses to neighing and camels to groaning, as they rolled over and expired. And then boils, one of which will put a man in wretchedness, came in clusters from the top of the head to the sole of the foot. And then the clouds dropped hail and lightning. And then locusts came in, swarms of them, worse than the grasshoppers ever were in Kansas, and then darkness dropped for three days so that the people could not see their hand before their face, great surges of midnight covering them. And, last of all, on the night of the 18th of April, about eighteen hundred years before Christ, the Destroying Angel sweeps past; and hear it all night long, the flap! flap! flap! of his awful wings, until Egypt rolled on, a great hearse, the eldest child dead in every Egyptian home. The eldest son of Pharaoh expired that night in the palace, and all along the streets of Memphis and Heliopolis and all

up and down the Nile there was a funeral wail that would have rent the fold of the unnatural darkness if it had not been impenetrable.

The Israelitish homes, however, were untouched. But these homes were full of preparation, for now is your chance, O ye wronged Hebrews! Snatch up what pieces of food you can and to the desert! Its simoons are better than the bondage you have suffered. Its scorpions will not sting so sharply as the wrongs that have stung you all your lives. Away! The man who was cradled in the basket of papyrus on the Nile will lead you. Up! Up! This is the night of your rescue. They gather together at a signal. Alexander's armies and all the armies of olden time were led by torches on high poles, great crests of fire; and the Lord Almighty kindles a torch not held by human hands but by omnipotent hand. Not made out of straw or oil but kindled out of the atmosphere, such a torch as the world

never saw before and never will see again. It reached from the earth unto the heaven, a pillar of fire, that pillar practically saying, "This way! March this way!" On that supernatural flambeau more than a million refugees set their eyes. Moses and Aaron lead on. Then come the families of Israel. Then come the herds and flocks moving on across the sands to what is the beach of waters now called Bahr-el-Kulzum, but called in the Bible the Red Sea. And when I dipped my hands in its blue waters, the heroics of the Mosaic passage rolled over me.

After three days' march the Israelitish refugees encamped for the night on the bank of the Red Sea. As the shadows begin to fall, in the distance is seen the host of Pharaoh in pursuit. There were six hundred finest war chariots followed by common chariots rolling at full speed. And the rumbling of the wheels and the curse of infuriated Egyptians came down with the darkness. But the Lord opened

the crystal gates of Bahr-el-Kulzum and the enslaved Israelites passed into liberty, and then the crystal gates of the sea rolled shut against the Egyptian pursuers. It was about two o'clock in the morning when the interlocked axle-trees of the Egyptian chariots could not move an inch either way. But the Red Sea unhitched the horses, and unhelmeted the warriors, and left the proud host a wreck on the Arabian sands. Then two choruses arose, and Moses led the men in the one and Miriam led the women in the other, and the women beat time with their feet. The record says : "All the women went out after her with timbrels and with dances. And Miriam answered them, Sing ye to the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously ; the horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea." What a thrilling story of endurance and victory ! The greatest triumph of Handel's genius was shown in his immortal dramatic oratorio, "Israel in Egypt." He had given to the world the ora-

torio of "Esther and Deborah," and "Athaliah," but reserved for his mightiest exertion at the full height of his powers the marshalling of all musical instruments to the description in harmony of the scenes on which we this morning dwell. He gave twenty-seven days to this production, with its twenty-eight choruses, enthralling his own time and all after-time with his "Israel in Egypt."

So the burden of oppression was lifted, but another burden of Egypt is made up of deserts. Indeed, Africa is a great continent for deserts—Libyan desert, Sahara desert, deserts here and there, and yonder, condemning vast regions of Africa to barrenness, one of the deserts three thousand miles long and a thousand miles wide. But all those deserts will yet be flooded, and so made fertile. De Lesseps says it can be done, and he who planned the Suez Canal, which marries the Red Sea and the Mediterranean, knows what he is talking about. The human race is so multiplied that it must

have more cultivated land, and the world must abolish its deserts. Eight hundred million of the human race are now living on lands not blest with rains but dependent on irrigation, and we want by irrigation to make room for eight hundred million more. By irrigation the prophecy will be fulfilled, and "the desert will blossom as the rose." So from Egypt the burden of sand will be lifted.

Another burden of Egypt to be lifted is the burden of Mohammedanism, although there are some good things about that religion. Its disciples must always wash before they pray, and that is five times a day. A commendable grace is cleanliness. Strong drink is positively forbidden by Mohammedans, and though some may have seen a drunken Mohammedan, I never saw one. It is a religion of sobriety. Then they are not ashamed of their devotions. When the call for prayers is sounded from the minarets the Mohammedan immediately unrolls the rug on the ground

and falls on his knees, and crowds of spectators are to him no embarrassment—reproof to many a Christian who omits his prayers if people are looking. But Mohammedanism, with its polygamy, blights everything it touches. Mohammed, its founder, had four wives, and his followers are the enemies of good womanhood. Mohammedanism puts its curse on all Egypt, and by setting up a sinful Arab higher than the immaculate Christ, is an overwhelming blasphemy. May God help the brave and consecrated missionaries who are spending their lives in combating it.

But before I forget it I must put more emphasis upon the fact that the last outrage that resulted in the liberation of the Hebrews was their being compelled to make bricks without straw. That was the last straw that broke the camel's back. God would allow the despotism against His people to go no further. Making bricks without straw !

That oppression still goes on. Demand of

your wife appropriate wardrobe and bountiful table without providing the means necessary: bricks without straw. Cities demanding in the public school faithful and successful instruction without giving the teachers competent livelihood: bricks without straw. United States Government demanding of senators and congressmen at Washington full attendance to the interests of the people, but on compensation which may have done well enough when twenty-five cents went as far as a dollar now, but in these times is not sufficient to preserve their influence and respectability: bricks without straw. In many parts of the land churches demanding of pastors vigorous sermons and sympathetic service on starvation salary, sanctified Ciceros on four hundred dollars a year: bricks without straw. That is one reason why there are so many poor bricks. In all departments, bricks not even, or bricks that crumble, or bricks that are not bricks at all. Work adequately paid for is

worth more than work not paid for. More straw and then better bricks.

But in all departments there are Pharaohs : sometimes Capital a Pharaoh, and sometimes Labor a Pharaoh. When Capital prospers, and makes large percentage on its investment, and declines to consider the needs of the operatives, and treats them as so many human machines, their nerves no more than the bands on the factory wheel—then Capital is a Pharaoh. On the other hand, when workmen, not regarding the anxieties and business struggles of the firm employing them, and at a time when the firm are doing their best to meet an important contract and need all hands busy to accomplish it, at such a time to have the employees make a strike and put their employers into extreme perplexity and severe loss—then Labor becomes a Pharaoh of the worst oppression, and must look out for the judgments of God.

When, in December of 1889, at the Mu-

seum at Boulac, Egypt, I looked at the mummies of the old Pharaohs, the very miscreants who diabolized centuries, and I saw their teeth and hair and finger nails and the flesh drawn tight over their cheek bones, the sarcophagi of these dead monarchs side by side, and I was so fascinated I could only with difficulty get away from the spot, I was not looking upon the last of the Pharaohs. Pharaoh thought he did a fine thing, a cunning thing, a decisive thing, when for the complete extinction of the Hebrews in Egypt he ordered all the Hebrew boys massacred, but he did not find it so fine a thing when his own first-born that night of the destroying angel dropped dead on the mosaic floor at the foot of the porphyry pillar of the palace. Let all the Pharaohs take warning. Some of the worst of them are on a small scale in households, as when a man, because his arm is strong and his voice loud, dominates his poor wife into a domestic slavery. There are thousands of

such cases, where the wife is a lifetime serf, her opinion disregarded, her tastes insulted, and her existence a wretchedness, though the world may not know it. It is a Pharaoh that sits at the head of that table, and a Pharaoh that tyannizes that home. There is no more abhorrent Pharaoh than a domestic Pharaoh. There are thousands of women to whom death is passage from Egypt to Canaan, because they get rid of a cruel taskmaster. What an accursed monster is that man who keeps his wife in dread about family expenses, and must be cautious how she introduces an article of millinery or womanly wardrobe without humiliating consultation and apology. Who is that man acting so? For six months, in order to win that woman's heart he sent her every few days a bouquet wound with white ribbon, and an endearing couplet, and took her to concerts and theatres, and helped her into carriages as though she were a princess, and ran across the room to pick up her pocket-

handkerchief with the speed of an antelope, and on the marriage-day promised all that the liturgy required, saying, "I will!" with an emphasis that excited the admiration of all spectators. But now he begrudges her two cents for a postage stamp, and wonders why she rides across Brooklyn Bridge when the foot-passage costs nothing. He thinks now she is awful plain, and he acts like the devil, while he thunders out, "Where did you get that new hat from? That's where my money goes. Where's my breakfast? Do you call that coffee? What are you whimpering about? Hurry up now and get my slippers! Where's the newspaper?" The tone, the look, the impatience, the cruelty of a Pharaoh. That is what gives so many women a cowed-down look. Pharaoh! you had better take your iron heel off that woman's neck, or God will help you remove your heel. She says nothing. For the sake of avoiding a scandal she keeps silent; but her tears and wrongs have gone

into a record that you will have to meet as certainly as Pharaoh had to meet hail, and lightning, and darkness, and the death angel. God never yet gave to any man the right to tyrannize over a woman, and what a sneak you are to take advantage of the marriage-vow, and because she cannot help herself and under the shelter of your own home to out-Pharaoh the Egyptian oppressor. There is something awfully wrong in a household where the woman is not considered of as much importance as the man. No room in this world for any more Pharaohs !

But it rolls over on me with great power the thought that we have all been slaves down in Egypt, and sin has been our taskmaster, and again and again we have felt its lash. But Christ has been our Moses to lead us out of bondage, and we are forever free. The Red Sea of a Saviour's sacrifice rolls deep and wide between us and our aforetime bondage, and though there may be deserts yet for us to

cross we are on the way to the Promised Land. Thanks be unto God for this emancipating Gospel! Come up out of Egypt all ye who are yet enslaved. What Christ did for us he will do for you. "Exodus!" is the word. Exodus! Instead of the brick-kilns of Egypt come into the empurpled vineyards of God, where one cluster of grapes is bigger than the one that the spies brought to the Israelites by the brook Eshcol, though that cluster was so large that it was borne "between two upon a staff."

Malta and No Little Kindness.

"The barbarous people showed us no little kindness."—Acts xxviii. 2.

HERE we are on the Island of Malta, another name for Melita. The island, which has always been an important commercial centre, belonging at different times to Phœnicia, to Greece, to Rome, to Arabia, to Spain, to France, now belongs to England. The area of the island is about one hundred square miles. It is in the Mediterranean Sea, and of such clarity of atmosphere that Mt. Etna, one hundred and thirty miles away, can be distinctly seen. The island is gloriously memorable, because the Knights of Malta for a long time ruled there, but most famous because of the apostolic shipwreck. The bestormed vessel on which Paul sailed had "laid

to " on the starboard tack, and the wind was blowing east-northeast, and the vessel, drifting probably a mile and a half an hour, she struck at what is now called St. Paul's Bay. Practical sailors have taken up the Bible account and decided beyond controversy the place of the shipwreck. But the island which has so rough a coast is for the most part a garden. Richest fruits and a profusion of honey characterized it in Paul's time as well as now. The finest oranges, figs and olives grow there.

When Paul and his comrades crawled up on the beach, saturated, and hungry from long abstinence from food, and chilled to the bone, the islanders, though called barbarians, because they could not speak Greek, opened their doors to the shipwrecked unfortunates. Everything had gone to the bottom of the deep, and the barefooted, bareheaded apostle and ship's crew were in a condition to appreciate hospitality. About twenty-five such men a few seasons ago I found in the life sta-

tion near Easthampton, Long Island. They had got ashore in the night from the sea, and not a hat or a shoe had they left. They found out, as Paul and his fellow voyagers found out, that the sea is the roughest of all robbers. My text finds the ship's crew ashore on Malta, and around a hot fire drying themselves, and with the best provision the islanders can offer them. And they go into government quarters for three days to recuperate, Publius, the ruler, inviting them, although he had severe sickness in the house at that time, his father down with dysentery and typhoid fever. Yea, for three months they stayed on the island watching for a ship, and putting the hospitalities of the islanders to a severe test. But it endured the test satisfactorily, and it is recorded for all the ages of time and eternity to read and hear in regard to the inhabitants of Malta, "The barbarous people showed us no little kindness."

Kindness! What a great word that is. It

would take a reed as long as that which the Apocalyptic angel used to measure heaven to tell the length, the breadth, the height of that munificent word. It is a favorite Bible word and it is early launched in the book of Genesis, caught up in the book of Joshua, embraced in the book of Ruth, sworn by in the book of Samuel, crowned in the book of Psalms, and enthroned in many places in the New Testament. Kindness! A word no more gentle than mighty. I expect it will wrestle me down before I get through with it. It is strong enough to throw an archangel. But it will be well for us to stand around it, and warm ourselves by its glow, as Paul and his fellow voyagers stood around the fire on the Island of Malta, where the Maltese made themselves immortal in my text by the way they treated these victims of the sea. "The barbarous people showed us no little kindness."

Kindness! All definitions of that multi-



potent word break down half way. You say it is clemency, benignity, generosity; it is made up of good wishes, it is an expression of beneficence, it is a contribution to the happiness of others. Some one else says: "Why, I can give you a definition of kindness: it is sunshine of the soul. It is affection perennial, it is a climacteric grace, it is the combination of all graces. It is compassion. It is the perfection of gentle manliness and womanliness." Are you all through? You have made a dead failure in your definition. It cannot be defined. But we all know what it is, for we all have felt its power. Some of you may have felt it as Paul felt it, on some coast of rock as the ship went to pieces, but more of us have again and again in some awful stress of life had either from earth or heaven hands stretched out which "showed us no little kindness."

There is kindness of disposition, kindness of word, kindness of act, and there is Jesus

Christ the impersonation of all of them. Kindness ! You cannot affect it, you cannot play it as a part, you cannot enact it, you cannot dramatize it. By the grace of God you must have it inside you, an everlasting summer, or rather a combination of June and October, the geniality of the one and the tonic of the other. It cannot dwell with arrogance or spite or revenge or malevolence. At its first appearance in the soul all these Amalekites and Gergashites and Hittites and Jebusites must quit, and quit forever. Kindness wishes everybody well, every man well, every woman well, every child well, every bird well, every horse well, every dog well, every cat well. Give this spirit full swing and you would have no more need of societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals, no more need of protective sewing women's association, and it would dull every sword until it would not cut skin deep, and unwheel every battery till it could not roll, and make gunpowder of no more use in the

world except for rock blasting or pyrotechnic celebration. Kindness is a spirit divinely implanted, and in answer to prayer, and then to be sedulously cultivated until it fills all the nature with a perfume richer and more pungent than mignonette, and, as if you put a tuft of that aromatic beauty behind the clock on the mantel, or in some corner where nobody can see it, you find people walking about your room looking this way and that, and you ask them, "What are you looking for?" and they answer, "Where is that flower?"—so if one has in his soul this infinite sweetness of disposition, its perfume will overwhelm everything.

But are you waiting and hoping for some one to be bankrupted, or exposed, or discomfited, or in some way overthrown, then kindness has not taken possession of your nature. You are wrecked on a Malta where there are no oranges. You are entertaining a guest so unlike kindness that kindness will not come and dwell under the same roof. The most

exhausting and unhealthy and ruinous feeling on earth is a revengeful spirit or retaliating spirit, as I know by experience, for I have tried it for five or ten minutes at a time. When some mean thing has been done me or said about me, I have felt, "I will pay him in his own coin. I will show him up. The ingrate! The traitor! The liar! The villain!" But five or ten minutes of the feeling have been so unnerving and exhausting I have abandoned it, and I cannot understand how people can go about torturing themselves five or ten or twenty years, trying to get even with somebody. The only way you will ever triumph over your enemies is by forgiving them and wishing them all good and no evil. As malevolence is the most uneasy and profitless and dangerous feeling, kindness is the most healthful and delightful. And this is not an abstraction. As I have tried a little of the retaliatory feeling, so I have tried a little of the forgiving. I do not want to leave this world until I have

taken vengeance upon every man that ever did me a wrong, by doing him a kindness. In most of such cases I have already succeeded, but there are a few malignants whom I am yet pursuing and I shall not be content until I have in some wise helped them or benefited them or blessed them. Let us all pray for this spirit of kindness. It will settle a thousand questions. It will change the phase of everything. It will mellow through and through our entire nature. It will transform a lifetime. It is not a feeling gotten up for occasions, but perennial. That is the reason I like petunias better than morning-glories. They look very much alike, and if I should put in your hand a petunia and a morning-glory you could hardly tell which is the petunia and which the morning-glory; but the morning-glory blooms only a few hours and then shuts up for the day, while the petunia is in as wide-spread a glow at twelve o'clock at noon and at six o'clock in the evening as at

sunrise. And this grace of kindness is not spasmodic, is not intermittent, is not for a little while, but it irradiates the whole nature, all through and clear on till the sunset of our earthly existence. Kindness! I am resolved to get it? Are you resolved to get it? It does not come by hap-hazard, but through culture under the Divine help. Thistles grow without culture. Rocky Mountain sage grass grows without culture. Mullen stalks grow without culture. But that great red rose in the conservatory, its leaves packed on leaves, deep-dyed as though it had been obliged to fight for its beauty and it were still reeking with the carnage of the battle, that rose needed to be cultured and through long years its floral ancestors were cultured. O God! implant kindness in all our souls, and then give us grace to watch it, to enrich it, to develop it!

The King of Prussia had presented to him by the Empress of Russia the root of a rare

flower, and it was put in the royal gardens on an island, and the head gardener, Herr Fintelmann, was told to watch it. And one day it put forth its glory. Three days of every week the people were admitted to these gardens, and a young man, probably not realizing what a wrong thing he was doing, plucked this flower and put it in his button-hole, and the gardener arrested him as he was crossing at the ferry, and asked the king to throw open no more his garden to the public. The king replied, "Shall I deny to the thousands of good people of my country the privilege of seeing this garden because one visitor has done wrong? No, let them come and see the beautiful grounds." And when the gardener wished to give the king the name of the offender who had taken the royal flower, he said, "No, my memory is very tenacious and I do not want to have in my mind the name of the offender, lest it should hinder me granting him a favor some other time." Now, I

want you to know that kindness is a royal flower and, blessed be God, the King of mercy and grace, that by a Divine gift and not by purloining, we may pluck this royal flower and not wear it on the outside of our nature but wear it in our soul and wear it forever, its radiance and aroma not more wonderful for time than wonderful for eternity.

Still further, I must speak of kindness of word. When you meet any one do you say a pleasant thing or an unpleasant? Do you tell him of agreeable things you have heard about him, or the disagreeable? When he leaves you, does he feel better or does he feel worse? Oh, the power of the tongue for the production of happiness or misery! One would think from the way the tongue is caged in we might take the hint that it has a dangerous power. First it is chained to the back part of the mouth by strong muscle. Then it is surrounded by the teeth of the lower jaw, so many ivory bars; and then by the teeth of

the upper jaw, more ivory bars. Then outside of all are the two lips with the power of compression and arrest. And yet notwithstanding these four imprisonments or limitations, how many take no hint in regard to the dangerous power of the tongue, and the results are laceration, scarification, and damnation. There are those if they know a good thing about you and a bad thing, will mention the bad thing and act as though they had never heard the good thing. Now there are two sides to almost every one's character, and we have the choice of overhauling the virtue or the vice. We can greet Paul and the ship's crew as they come up the beach of Malta, with the words, "What a sorry looking set you are! How little of navigation you must know to run on these rocks! Didn't you know better than to put out on the Mediterranean this wintry month? It was not much of a ship anyhow or it would not have gone to pieces so soon as that. Well, what do you

want? We have hard enough work to make a living for ourselves, without having thrust on us two hundred and seventy-six ragamuffins." Not so said the Maltese. I think they said: "Come in! Sit down by the fire and warm yourselves! Glad that you all got off with your lives. Make yourselves at home. You are welcome to all we have until some ship comes in sight and you resume your voyage. Here, let me put a bandage on your forehead, for that is an ugly gash you got from the floating timbers, and here is a man with a broken arm. We will have a doctor come to attend to this fracture." And though for three months the kindness went on, we have but little more than this brief record: "The barbarous people showed us no little kindness."

Oh! say the cordial thing! Say the useful thing! Say the hospitable thing! Say the helpful thing! Say the Christlike thing! Say the kind thing! I admit that this is

easier for some temperaments than for others. Some are born pessimists, and some are born optimists, and that demonstrates itself all through everything. It is a cloudy morning. You meet a pessimist and you say, "What weather to-day?" He answers, "It's going to storm," and umbrella under arm and a water-proof overcoat show that he is honest in that utterance. On the same block, a minute after, you meet an optimist, and you say, "What weather to-day?" "Good weather; this is only a fog and will soon scatter." The absence of umbrella and absence of water-proof overcoat show it is an honest utterance. On your way at noon to luncheon you meet an optimistic merchant and you say, "What do you think of the commercial prospects?" and he says, "Glorious. Great crops must bring great business. We are going to have such an Autumn and Winter of prosperity as we have never seen." On your way back to your store you meet a pessi-

mistic merchant. "What do you think of the commercial prospects?" you ask. And he answers, "Well, I don't know. So much grain will surfeit the country. Farmers have more bushels but less prices, and the grain gamblers will get their fist in. There is the McKinley bill; and the hay crop is short in some places, and in the Southern part of Wisconsin they had a hail storm and our business is as dull as it ever was." You will find the same difference in judgment of character. A man of good reputation is assailed and charged with some evil deed. At the first story the pessimist will believe in guilt. "The papers said so, and that's enough. Down with him!" The optimist will say, "I don't believe a word of it. I don't think a man that has been as useful and seemingly honest for twenty years could have got off track like that. There are two sides to this story and I will wait to hear the other side before I condemn him." My hearer, if you are by nature a pessimist, make

a special effort by the grace of God to extirpate the dolorous and the hypercritical from your disposition, believing nothing against anybody until the wrong is established by at least two witnesses of integrity. And if guilt be proven find out the extenuating circumstances, if there are any. Kindness! Let us morning, noon and night pray for it until we get it. When you can speak a good word for some one, speak it. If you can conscientiously give letter of commendation, give it. Watch for opportunities for doing good fifty years after you are dead. All my life has been affected by the letter of introduction that the Rev. Dr. Van Vranken, of New Brunswick Theological Seminary, wrote for me, a boy under him, when I was seeking a settlement in which to preach the Gospel. That letter gave me my first pulpit. Dr. Van Vranken has been dead more than thirty years, yet I feel the touch of that magnificent old professor. Strange sensation was it when I

received a kind message from Rev. Thomas Guard, of Baltimore, the great Methodist orator, six weeks after his death. By way of the eternal world? Oh, no, by way of this world. I did not meet the friend to whom he gave the message until nearly two months after Thomas Guard had ascended. So you can start a word about some one that will be on its travels and vigorous long after the funeral psalm has been sung at your obsequies. Kindness! Why, if fifty men all aglow with it should walk through the lost world, methinks they would almost abolish perdition.

Furthermore, there is kindness of action. That is what Joseph showed to his outrageous brothers. That is what David showed to Mephibosheth for his father Jonathan's sake. That is what Onesiphorus showed to Paul in the Roman penitentiary. That is what William Cowper recognized when he said he would not trust a man who would with his foot needlessly crush a worm. That is what

our assassinated President Lincoln demonstrated when his private secretary found him in the Capitol grounds trying to get a bird back to the nest from which it had fallen, and which quality the illustrious man exhibited years before when having with some lawyers in the carriage on the way to court passed on the road a swine fast in the mire, after a while cried to his horses "Ho!" and said to the gentlemen, "I must go back and help that hog out of the mire." And he did go back and put on solid ground that most uninteresting quadruped. That was the spirit that was manifested by my departed friend Hon. Alexander H. Stephens of Georgia (and lovelier man never exchanged earth for heaven), when at Washington. A senator's wife who told my wife of the circumstances, said to him, "Mr. Stephens, come and see my dead canary bird." And he answered, "No, I could not look at the poor thing without crying." That is the spirit that Grant showed when at the

surrender at Appomattox he said to General Lee, "As many of your soldiers are farmers and will need the horses and mules to raise the crops to keep their families from suffering next winter, let each Confederate who can claim a horse or a mule take it along with him." That is the spirit which last night ten thousand mothers showed to their sick children coming to give the drink at the twentieth call as cheerfully and as tenderly as at the first call. Suppose all this assemblage, and all to whom these words shall come by printer's type, should resolve to make kindness an over-arching, undergirding and all-prevailing principle of their life, and then carry out the resolution, why in six months the whole earth would feel it. People would say: "What is the matter? It seems to me that the world is getting to be a better place to live in. Why, life after all is worth living. Why, there is Shylock, my neighbor, has withdrawn his lawsuit of foreclosure against that man, and be-

cause he has had so much sickness in his family, he is going to have the house for one year rent free. There is an old lawyer in that young lawyer's office, and do you know what he has gone in there for? Why, he is helping fix up a case which is too big for the young man to handle, and the white-haired attorney is hunting up previous decisions, and making out a brief for the boy. Do you know that a strange thing has taken place in the pulpit, and all the old ministers are helping the young ministers, and all the old doctors are helping the young doctors, and the farmers are assisting each other in gathering the harvest, and for that farmer who is sick the neighbors have made a 'bee,' as they call it, and they have all turned in to help him get his crops into the garner. And they tell me that the older and more skilful reporters who have permanent positions on papers are helping the young fellows who are just beginning to try and don't know exactly how to do it.

And after a few erasures and interpolations on the reporter's pad they say, 'Now here is a readable account of that tragedy; hand it in and I am sure the managing editor will take it.' And I heard this morning of a poor old man whose three children were in hot debate as to who should take care of him in his declining days. The oldest son declared it was his right because he was the oldest, and the youngest son said it was his right because he was the youngest, and Mary said it was her right because she better understood father's vertigo, and rheumatism, and poor spells, and knew better how to nurse him, and the only way the difficulty could be settled was by the old man's promise that he would divide the year into three parts, and spend a third of his time with each one of them. And neighboring stores in the same line of goods on the same block are acting kindly to each other. It seems to me that those words of Isaiah are being fulfilled when he says, 'The carpenter

encouraged the goldsmith, and he that smootheth with the hammer him that smote the anvil, saying, It is ready for the soldering.' What is the matter? It seems to me that our old world is picking up. Why, the millenium must be coming in. Kindness has gotten the victory.'

My hearers, you know and I know we are far from that state of things. But why not inaugurate a new dispensation of geniality. If we cannot yet have a millennium on a large scale, let us have it on a small scale, and under our own vestments. Kindness! If this world is ever brought to God that is the thing that will do it. You cannot fret the world up although you may fret the world down. You cannot scold it into excellence or reformation or godliness.

The East wind and the West wind were one day talking with each other, and the East wind said to the West wind, "Don't you wish you had my power? Why, when I start they

hail me by storm signals all along the coast. I can twist off a ship's mast as easily as a cow's hoof cracks an alder. With one sweep of my wing, I have strewn the coast from Newfoundland to Key West with parted ship-timber. I can lift and have lifted the Atlantic Ocean. I am the terror of all invalidism, and to fight me back forests must be cut down for fires, and the mines of continents are called on to feed the furnaces. Under my breath the nations crouch into sepulchres. Don't you wish you had my power?" said the East wind. The West wind made no answer, but started on its mission, coming somewhere out of the rosy bowers of the skies, and all the rivers and lakes and seas smiled at its coming. The gardens bloomed, and the orchards ripened, and the wheat fields turned their silver into gold, and health clapped its hands, and joy shouted from the hill tops, and the nations lifted their foreheads into the light, and the earth had a doxology for the sky, and the sky

an anthem for the earth, and the warmth and the sparkle and the gladness and the foliage, and the flowers, and the fruits, and the beauty, and the life, were the only answer the West wind made to the insolence of the East wind's interrogation.

Kindness to all! Surely it ought not to be a difficult grace to culture when we see towering above the centuries such an example that one glimpse of it ought to melt and transform all nations. Kindness brought our Lord from heaven. Kindness to miscreants, kindness to persecutors, kindness to the crippled and the blind and the cataleptic and the leprous and the dropsical and the demoniacal characterized Him all the way, and on the Cross, kindness to the bandits suffering on the side of Him, and kindness to the executioners while yet they pushed the spear, and hammered the spikes, and howled the blasphemies. All the stories of the John Howards and the Florence Nightingales and the Grace Darlings and the Ida

Lewises pale before this transcendent example of Him whose birth and life and death are the greatest story that the world ever heard, and the theme of the mightiest hosanna that heaven ever lifted. Yea, the very kindness that allowed both hands to be nailed to the horizontal timber of the Cross with that cruel thump! thump! now stretches down from the skies those same hands filled with balm for all our wounds, forgiveness for all our crimes, rescue for all our serfdoms. And while we take this matchless kindness from God, may it be found that we have uttered our last bitter word, written our last cutting paragraph, done our last retaliatory action, felt our last revengeful heart-throb. And it would not be a bad epitaph for any of us if by the grace of God from this time forth we lived such beneficent lives that the tombstone's chisel could appropriately cut upon the plain slab that marks our grave a suggestion from the text: "He showed us no little kindness." But not

until the last child of God has got ashore from the earthly storms that drove him on the rocks like Mediterranean Euroclydons, not until all the thrones of heaven are mounted, and all the conquerors crowned, and all the harps and trumpets and organs of heaven are thrummed or blown or sounded, and the ransomed of all climes and ages are in full chorus under the jubilant swing of angelic baton, and we shall for thousands of years have seen the river from under the Throne rolling into the "sea of glass mingled with fire," and this world we now inhabit shall be so far in the past that only a stretch of celestial memory can recall that it ever existed at all, not until then shall we understand what Nehemiah calls "the great kindness," and David calls "the marvellous kindness," and Isaiah calls "the everlasting kindness" of God!

The Gospel Archipelago.

"When we had discovered Cyprus, we left it on the left hand. Acts xxi. 3; and "I John . . . was in the isle that is called Patmos." Rev. i. 9.

GOOD-BYE, Egypt! Although interesting and instructive beyond any country in all the world, excepting the Holy Land, Egypt was to me somewhat depressing. It was a post-mortem examination of cities that died four thousand years ago. The mummies, or wrapped-up bodies of the dead, were prepared with reference to the Resurrection Day, the Egyptians departing this life wanting their bodies to be kept in as good condition as possible so that they would be presentable when they were called again to occupy them. But if when Pharaoh comes to resurrection he finds his body looking as I saw his mummy in the Museum at Boulac, his soul will become

an unwilling tenant. The Sphinx also was to me a stern monstrosity, a statue carved out of rock of red granite sixty-two feet high and about one hundred and forty-three feet long and having the head of a man and the body of a lion. We sat down in the sand of the African desert to study it. With a cold smile it has looked down upon thousands of years of earthly history; Egyptian civilization, Grecian civilization, Roman civilization; upon the rise and fall of thrones innumerable; the victory and defeat of the armies of centuries. It took three thousand years to make one wrinkle on its red cheek. It is dreadful in its stolidity. Its eyes have never wept a tear. Its cold ears have not listened to the groans of the Egyptian nation, the burden of which I tried to weigh last Sabbath. Its heart is stone. It cared not for Pliny when he measured it in the first century. It will care nothing for the man who looks into its imperturbable countenance in the last century.

But Egypt will yet come up to the glow of life. The Bible promises it. The missionaries, like my friend, good and great Doctor Lansing, are sounding a resurrection trumpet above those slain empires. There will be some other Joseph at Memphis. There will be some other Moses on the banks of the Nile. There will be some other Hypatia to teach good morals to the degraded. When, soon after my arrival in Egypt, I took part in the solemn and tender obsequies of a missionary from our own land, dying there far away from the sepulchres of her fathers, and saw around her the dusky and weeping congregation of those whom she had come to save, I said to myself: "Here is self-sacrifice of the noblest type. Here is heroism immortal. Here is a queen unto God forever. Here is something grander than the Pyramids. Here is that which thrills the heavens. Here is a specimen of that which will yet save the world."

Good-bye, Egypt! This sermon finds us

on the steamer *Minerva* in the Grecian Archipelago, the islands of the New Testament, and islands Paulinian and Johannian in their reminiscence. What Bradshaw's Directory is to travellers in Europe, and what the railroad guide is to travellers in America, the book of the Acts in the Bible is to voyagers in the Grecian, or as I shall call it, the Gospel Archipelago. The Bible geography of that region is accurate without a shadow of mistake. We are sailing this morning on the same waters that Paul sailed, but in the opposite direction to that which Paul voyaged. He was sailing southward and we northward. With him it was, Ephesus, Coos, Rhodes, Cyprus; with us it is reversed and it is, Cyprus, Rhodes, Coos, Ephesus. There is no book in the world so accurate as the Divine Book. My text says that Paul left Cyprus on the left; we, going in the opposite direction, have it on the right.

The steamer had stopped during the night

and in the morning the ship was as quiet as this floor, when we hastened up to the deck and found that we had anchored off the island of Cyprus. In a boat, which the natives rowed standing up, as is the custom, instead of sitting down as when we row, we were soon landed on the streets where Paul and Barnabas walked and preached. Yea, when at Antioch Paul and Barnabas got into a fight—as ministers sometimes did, and sometimes do, for they all have imperfections enough to anchor them to this world till their work is done—I say, when because of that bitter controversy Paul and Barnabas parted, Barnabas came back here to Cyprus, which was his birthplace. Island wonderful for history ! It has been the prize sometimes won by Persia, by Greece, by Egypt, by the Saracens, by the Crusaders, and last of all, not by sword but by pen, and that the pen of the keenest diplomatist of the century, Lord Beaconsfield, who under a lease which was as good as a purchase, set Cyprus

among the jewels of Victoria's crown. We went out into the excavations from which Di Cesnola has enriched our American museums with antiquities, and with no better weapon than our foot we stirred up the ground deep enough to get a tear-bottle in which some mourner shed his tears thousands of years ago, and a lamp which before Christ was born lighted the feet of some poor pilgrim on his way. That island of Cyprus has enough to set an antiquarian wild. The most of its glory is the glory of the past, and the typhoid fevers that sweep its coast, and the clouds of locusts that often blacken its skies (though two hundred thousand dollars were expended by the British Empire in one year for the extirpation of these noxious insects, yet failing to do the work), and the frequent change of governmental masters, hinder prosperity. But when the islands of the sea come to God, Cyprus will come with them, and the agricultural and commercial opulence which adorned it in ages

past will be eclipsed by the agricultural and commercial and religious triumphs of the ages to come. Why is the world so stupid that it cannot see that nations are prospered in temporal things in proportion as they are prospered in religious things? Godliness is profitable not only for individuals but for nations. Give Cyprus to Christ, give England to Christ, give America to Christ, give the world to Christ, and He will give them all a prosperity unlimited. Why is Brooklyn one of the queen cities of the earth? Because it is the queen city of churches. Blindfold me and lead me into any city of the earth so that I cannot see a street or a warehouse or a home, and then lead me into the churches and then remove the bandage from my eyes, and I will tell you from what I see inside the consecrated walls, having seen nothing outside, what is that city's merchandise, its literature, its schools, its printing-presses, its government, its homes, its arts, its sciences, its prosperity, or its

depression, and ignorance, and pauperism and outlawry. The altar of God in the church is the high-water mark of the world's happiness. The Christian religion triumphant, all other interests triumphant. The Christian religion low down, all other interests low down. So I thought as on the evening of that day we stepped from the filthy streets of Larnaca, Cyprus, on to the boat that took us back to the steamer, which had already begun to paw the waves like a courser impatient to be gone, and then we moved on and up among the islands of this Gospel Archipelago.

Night came down on land and sea and the voyage became to me more and more suggestive and solemn. If you are pacing it alone, a ship's deck in the darkness and at sea is a weird place, and an active imagination may conjure up almost any shape he will, and it shall walk the sea or confront him by the smoke-stack, or meet him under the captain's bridge. But here I was alone on ship's deck

in the Gospel Archipelago, and do you wonder that the sea was populous with the past and that down the ratlines Bible memories descended? Our friends had all gone to their berths. "Captain," I said, "when shall we arrive at the Island of Rhodes?" Looking out from under his glazed cap, he responded in sepulchral voice: "About midnight." Though it would be keeping unseasonable hours, I concluded to stay on deck, for I must see Rhodes, one of the islands associated with the name of the greatest missionary the world ever saw or ever will see. Paul landed there and that was enough to make it famous while the world stands and famous in heaven when the world has become a charred wreck.

This island has had a wonderful history. With six thousand Knights of St. John, it at one time stood out against two hundred thousand warriors under "Solyman the Magnificent." The city had three thousand statues, and a statue to Apollo called Colossus, which

has always since been considered one of the seven wonders of the world. It was twelve years in building and was seventy cubits high, and had a winding stairs to the top. It stood fifty-six years and then was prostrated by an earthquake. After lying in ruins for nine hundred years, it was purchased to be converted to other purposes, and the metal, weighing seven hundred and twenty thousand pounds, was put on nine hundred camels and carried away. We were not permitted to go ashore, but the lights all up and down the hills show where the city stands, and nine boats come out to take freight and to bring three passengers. Yet all the thousands of years of its history are eclipsed by the few hours or days that Paul stopped there. As I stood there on the deck of the Minerva, looking out upon the place where the Colossus once stood, I bethought myself of the fact that the world must have a God of some kind. It is to me an infinite pathos—this Colossus, not only of Rhodes but the

colossi in many parts of the earth. This is only the world's blind reaching up and feeling after God. Foundered human nature must have a supernatural arm to help it ashore. All the statues and images of heathendom are attempts to bring celestial forces down into human affairs. Blessed be our ears that we have heard of an ever-present God, and that through Jesus Christ he comes into our hearts and our homes, and with more than fatherly and motherly interest and affection He is with us in all our struggles and bereavements and vicissitudes. Rhodes needs something higher than the Colossus, and the day will come when the Christ, whom Paul was serving when he sailed into this harbor of Rhodes, shall take possession of that island.

As we move on up through this Archipelago, I am reminded of what an important part the islands have taken in the history of the world. They are necessary to the balancing of the planet. The two hemispheres must have

them. As you put down upon a scale the heavy pound weights, and then the small ounces, and no one thinks of despising the small weights, so the continents are the pounds and the islands are the ounces. A continent is only a larger island and an island only a smaller continent. Something of what part the islands have taken in the world's history you will see when I remind you that the island of Salamis produced Solon, and that the island of Chios produced Homer, and the island of Samos produced Pythagoras, and the island of Coos produced Hippocrates.

But there is one island that I longed to see more than any other. I can afford to miss the princes among the islands, but I must see the king of the Archipelago. The one I longed to see is not so many miles in circumference as Cyprus or Crete or Paros or Naxos or Scio or Mitylene, but I would rather, in this sail through the Grecian Archipelago, see that than all the others; for more of the glories of heaven

landed there than on all the islands and continents since the world stood. As we come toward it I feel my pulses quicken. "I, John, was in the island that is called Patmos." It is a pile of rocks twenty-eight miles in circumference. A few cypresses and inferior olives pump a living out of the earth, and one palm tree spreads its foliage. But the barrenness and gloom and loneliness of the island made it a prison for the banished evangelist. Domitian could not stand his ministry and one day, under armed guard, that minister of the Gospel stepped from a tossing boat to these dismal rocks, and walked up to the dismal cavern which was to be his home and the place where should pass before him all the conflicts of coming time and all the raptures of a coming eternity. Is it not remarkable that nearly all the great revelations of music and poetry and religion have been made to men in banishment—Homer and Milton banished into blindness; Beethoven banished into deafness; Dante writ-

ing his Divina Commedia during the nineteen years of banishment from his native land ; Victor Hugo writing his Les Miserables exiled from home and country on the island of Guernsey, and the brightest visions of the future have been given to those who by sickness or sorrow were exiled from the outer world into rooms of suffering. Only those who have been imprisoned by very hard surroundings have had great revelations made to them. So Patmos, wild, chill and bleak and terrible, was the best island in all the Archipelago, the best place in all the earth for divine revelations. Before a panorama can be successfully seen, the room in which you sit must be darkened, and in the presence of John was to pass such a panorama as no man ever before saw or ever will see in this world, and hence the gloom of his surroundings was a help rather than a hindrance. All the surroundings of the place affected St. John's imagery when he speaks of heaven. St. John, hungry from

enforced abstinence, or having no food except that at which his appetite revolted, thinks of heaven; and as the famished man is apt to dream of bountiful tables covered with luxuries, so St. John says of the inhabitants of heaven, "They shall hunger no more." Scarcity of fresh water on Patmos, and the hot tongue of St. John's thirst leads him to admire heaven as he says, "They shall thirst no more." St. John hears the waves of the sea wildly dashing against the rocks, and each wave has a voice and all the waves together make a chorus and they remind him of the multitudinous anthems of heaven; and he says, "They are like the voice of many waters." One day, as he looked off upon the sea, the waters were very smooth, as it is to-day while we sail them, and they were like glass and the sunlight seemed to set them on fire, and there was a mingling of white light and intense flame; and as St. John looked out from his cavern home upon that brilliant

sea, he thought of the splendors of heaven and describes them "as a sea of glass mingled with fire." Yes, seated in the dark cavern of Patmos, though homesick and hungry and loaded with Domitian's anathemas, St. John was the most fortunate man on earth because of the panorama that passed before the mouth of that cavern.

Turn down all the lights that we may better see it. The panorama passes, and lo! the conquering Christ, robed, girdled, armed, the flash of golden candlesticks and seven stars in his right hand, candlesticks and stars meaning light held up and light scattered. And there passes a throne and Christ on it, and the seals are broken, and the woes sounded, and a dragon slain, and seven last plagues swoop, and seven vials are poured out, and the vision vanishes. And we halt a moment to rest from the exciting spectacle. Again the panorama moves on before the cavern of Patmos, and John the exile sees a great city representing all

abominations, Babylon towered, palaced, templed, fountained, foliaged, sculptured, hanging-gardened, suddenly going crash ! crash ! and the pipers cease to pipe, and the trumpets cease to trumpet, and the dust and the smoke and the horror fill the canvas, while from above and beneath are voices announcing, " Babylon is fallen, is fallen ! " And we halt again to rest from the spectacle. Again the panorama moves on before the cavern of Patmos, and John the exile beholds a city of gold, and a river more beautiful than the Rhine or the Hudson rolls through it, and fruit trees bend their burdens on either bank, and all is surrounded by walls in which the upholstery of autumnal forests, and the sunrises and sunsets of all the ages, and the glory of burning worlds seem to be commingled. And the inhabitants never breathe a sigh, or utter a groan, or discuss a difference, or frown a dislike, or weep a tear. The fashion they wear is pure white, and their foreheads are encircled

by garlands, and they who were sick are well, and they who were old are young, and they who were bereft are reunited. And as the last figure of that panorama rolled out of sight, I think that John must have fallen back into his cavern, nerveless and exhausted. Too much was it for human eye to look at. Too much was it for human strength to experience.

My friends, I should not wonder if you should have a very similar vision after a while. You will be through this world, its cares, and fatigues, and struggles, and if you have served the Lord and have done the best you could, I should not wonder if your dying bed were a Patmos. It often has been so. I was reading of a dying boy who, while the family stood round sorrowfully expecting each breath would be the last, cried, "Open the gates! Open the gates! Happy! Happy!" Yes, ten thousand times in the history of the world has the dying bed been made a Patmos. You see the time will come when you will, O child of

God, be exiled to your last sickness as much as John was exiled to Patmos. You will go into your room not to come out again, for God is going to do something better and grander and happier for you than he has ever yet done. There will be such visions let down to your pillow as God gives no man if he is ever to return to this tame world. The apparent feeling of uneasiness and restlessness at the time of the Christian's departure, the physicians say, is caused by no real distress. It is an unconscious and involuntary movement, and I think in many cases it is the vision of heavenly gladness too great for mortal endurance. It is only heaven breaking in on the departing spirit. You see your work will be done and the time for your departure will be at hand, and there will be wings over you and wings under you, and songs let loose on the air, and your old father and mother gone for years will descend into the room, and your little children whom you put away for the last sleep years

ago will be at your side, and their kiss will be on your foreheads, and you will see gardens in full bloom and the swinging open of shining gates, and will hear voices long ago hushed. In many a Christian departure that you have known and I have known there was in the phraseology of the departing ones something that indicated the reappearance of those long deceased. It is no delirium, no delusion, but a supernal fact. Your glorified loved ones will hear that you are about to come, and they will say in heaven, "May I go down to show that soul the way up? May I be the celestial escort? May I wait for that soul at the edge of the pillow!" And the Lord will say, "Yes. You may fly down on that mission." And I think all your glorified kindred will come down, and they will be in the room, and although those in health standing round you may hear no voice and see no arrival from the heavenly world, you will see and hear. And the moment the fleshly bond of the soul shall

break, the cry will be, "Follow me ! Up this way ! By this gilded cloud, apast these stars, straight for home, straight for glory, straight for God." As on that day in the Grecian Archipelago, Patmos began to fade out of sight, I walked to the stern of the ship that I might keep my eye on the enchantment as long as I could, and the voice that sounded out of heaven to John the exile in the cavern on Patmos seemed sounding in the waters that dashed against the side of our ship: "Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with them, and they shall be his people, and God himself shall be with them, and be their God. And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away."

A Patmos Vision of a Book.

“And I took the little book out of the angel’s hand, and ate it up: and it was in my mouth sweet as honey; and as soon as I had eaten it, my belly was bitter. And he said unto me, Thou must prophesy again before many peoples, and nations, and tongues, and kings.”—Rev. x. 10, 11.

DOMITIAN, the Roman Emperor, had in his realm a troublesome evangelist who would keep preaching, and so he exiled him to a barren island, as now the Russians exile convicts to Siberia, or as sometimes the English Government used to send prisoners to Australia. The island I speak of is now called Patmos, and is so barren and unproductive that its inhabitants live by fishing.

But one day the evangelist of whom I speak, sitting at the mouth of a cavern on the hillside, and perhaps half asleep under the drone

of the sea, has a supernatural dream, and before him pass, as in panorama, time and eternity. Among the strange things that he saw was an angel with a little book in his hand, and in his dream the evangelist asked for this little book, and the angel gave it to him, and told him to eat it up. As in a dream things are sometimes incongruous, the evangelist took the little book and ate it up. The angel told him beforehand that it would be very sweet in the mouth, but afterward he would be troubled with indigestion. True enough, the evangelist devours the book, and it becomes to him a sweetness during the mastication, but afterward a physical bitterness.

Who the angel was and what the book was no one can tell. The commentators do not agree, and I shall take no responsibility of interpretation, but will tell you that it suggests to me the little book of creeds which skeptics take and chew up and find a very luscious morsel to their witticism, but after a

while it is to them a great distress. The angel of the Church hands out this little book of evangelism, and the antagonists of the Christian Church take it and eat it up, and it makes them smile at first, but afterward it is to them a dire dyspepsia.

All intelligent people have creeds—that is, favorite theories which they have adopted. Political creeds—that is, theories about tariff, about finance, about civil service, about government. Social creeds—that is, theories about manners and customs and good neighborhood. Æsthetical creeds—that is, theories about tapestry, about bric-a-brac, about styles of ornamentation. Religious creeds—that is, theories about the Deity, about the soul, about the great future. The only being who has no creed about anything is the idiot. This scoffing against creeds is always a sign of profound ignorance on the part of the scoffer, for he has himself a hundred creeds in regard to other things. In our time the beliefs of evangelistic

churches are under a fusillade of caricature and misrepresentation. Men set up what they call orthodox faith, and then they rake it with the musketry of their denunciation. They falsify what the Christian churches believe. They take evangelical doctrines and set them in a harsh and repulsive way, and put them out of association with other truths. They are like a mad anatomist who, desiring to tell what a man is, dissects a human body and hangs up in one place the heart, and in another place the two lungs, and in another place an ankle bone, and says that is a man. They are only fragments of a man wrenched out of their God-appointed places.

Evangelical religion is a healthy, symmetrical, well-jointed, roseate, bounding life, and the scalpel and dissecting knife of the infidel or the atheist cannot tell you what it is. Evangelical religion is as different from what it is represented to be by these enemies as the scare-crow which the farmer puts in the corn-

field to keep off the ravens is different from the farmer himself.

For instance, these enemies of evangelism say that the Presbyterian Church believes that God is a savage sovereign, and that He made some men just to damn them, and that there are infants in hell a span long. These old slanders come down from generation to generation. The Presbyterian Church believes no such thing. The Presbyterian Church believes that God is a loving and just sovereign, and that we are free agents. "No, no! that cannot be," say these men that have chewed up the creed and have the consequent embittered stomachs; "that is impossible; if God is a sovereign, we can't be free agents." Why, my friends, we admit this in every other direction. I, De Witt Talmage, am a free citizen of Brooklyn. I go when I please and I come when I please, but I have at least four sovereigns. The Church court of our denomination; that is my ecclesiastical sovereign.

The mayor of this city; he is my municipal sovereign. The governor of New York; he is my State sovereign. The President of the United States; he is my national sovereign. Four sovereigns have I, and yet in every faculty of body, mind, and soul I am a free man. So, you see, it is possible that the two doctrines go side by side, and there is a common-sense way of presenting it, and there is a way that is repulsive. If you have the two doctrines in a worldly direction, why not in a religious direction? If I choose to-morrow morning to walk into the Mercantile Library and improve my mind, or to go through the conservatory of my friend at Jamaica, who has flowers from all lands growing under the arches of glass, and who has an aquarium all asquirm with trout and gold fish, and there are trees bearing oranges and bananas—if I want to go there, I can. I am free to go. If I want to go over to Hoboken and leap into a furnace of an oil factory, if I want to jump

from the platform of the Philadelphia express train, if I want to jump from the Brooklyn bridge, I may. But suppose I should go tomorrow and leap into the furnace at Hoboken, who would be to blame? That is all there is about sovereignty and free agency. God rules and reigns, and He has conservatories and He has blast furnaces. If you want to walk in the gardens, walk there. If you want to leap into the furnaces you may.

Suppose now a man had a charmed key with which he could open all the jails, and he should open Raymond Street Jail and the New York Tombs and all the prisons on the continent. In three weeks what kind of a country would this be, all the inmates turned out of those prisons and penitentiaries? Suppose all the reprobates, the bad spirits, the outrageous spirits, should be turned into the New Jerusalem. Why, the next morning the gates of pearl would be found off hinge, the linchpin would be gone out of the chariot wheels,

the "house of many mansions" would be burglarized. Assault and battery, arson, libertinism, and assassination would reside in the capital of the skies. Angels of God would be insulted on the streets. Heaven would be a dead failure if there were no great lock-up, if all people without regard to their character when they leave this world go right into glory.

I wonder if in the temple of the skies Charles Guiteau and John Wilkes Booth occupy the same pew! Your common-sense demands two destinies! And then, as to the Presbyterian Church believing there are infants in perdition, if you will bring me a Presbyterian of good morals and sound mind who will say that he believes there ever was a baby in the lost world, or ever will be, I will make him a deed to all my property, and he can take possession to-morrow.

So the Episcopalian Church is misrepresented by the friends of evangelism. They

say that church substitutes forms and ceremonies for heart religion, and that it is all a matter of liturgy and genuflexion. False again. All Episcopalians will tell you that the forms and creeds of their Church are worse than nothing unless the heart go with them.

So also the Baptist Church has been misrepresented. The enemies of evangelism say the Baptist Church believes that unless a man is immersed he will never get into heaven. False again. All the Baptists, close communion and open communion, believe that if a man accept the Lord Jesus Christ he will be saved, whether he be baptized by one drop of water on the forehead, or be plunged into the Ohio or Susquehanna, although immersion is the only gate by which one enters their earthly communion.

The enemies of evangelism also misrepresent the Methodist Church. They say the Methodist Church believes that a man can

convert himself, and that conversion in that church is a temporary emotion, and that all a man has to do is to kneel down at the altar and feel bad and then the minister pats him on the back and says, "It is all right," and that is all there is of it. False again. The Methodist Church believes that the Holy Ghost alone can convert a heart, and in that Church conversion is an earthquake of conviction and a sunburst of pardon. And as to mere "temporary emotion," I wish we all had more of the "temporary emotion" which lasted Bishop Janes and Matthew Simpson for a half century, keeping them on fire for God until their holy enthusiasm consumed their bodies.

So all the evangelical denominations are misrepresented. And then these enemies of evangelism go on and hold up the great doctrines of the Christian Churches as absurd, dry, and inexplicable technicalities. "There is your doctrine of the Trinity," they say, "absurd beyond all bounds. The idea that there

is a God in three persons! Impossible. If it is one God He can't be three, and if there are three, they can't be one." At the same time all of us—they with us—acknowledge trinities all around us. Trinity is our own make-up—body, mind, soul. Body with which we move, mind with which we think, soul with which we love. Three, yet one man. Trinity in the air—light, heat, moisture—yet one atmosphere. Trinity in the court room—three judges on the bench, but one court. Trinities all around about us, in earthly government and in nature. Of course, all the illustrations are defective for the reason that the natural cannot fully illustrate the spiritual. But suppose an ignorant man should come up to a chemist and say, "I deny what you say about the water and about the air; they are not made of different parts. The air is one; I breathe it every day. The water is one; I drink it every day. You can't deceive me about the elements that go to make up the air

and the water." The chemist would say, "You come up into my laboratory and I will demonstrate this whole thing to you." The ignorant man goes into the chemist's laboratory, and sees for himself. He learns that the water is one and the air is one, but they are made up of different parts. So here is a man who says, "I can't understand the doctrine of the Trinity." God says, "You come up here into the laboratory after your death, and you will see—you will see it explained; you will see it demonstrated." The ignorant man cannot understand the chemistry of the water and the air until he goes into the laboratory, and we shall never understand the Trinity until we go to heaven. The ignorance of the man who cannot understand the chemistry of the air and water does not change the fact in regard to the composition of air and water. Because we cannot understand the Trinity, does that change the fact?

"And there is your absurd doctrine about

justification by faith," say these antagonists who have chewed up the little book of evangelism, and have the consequent embittered stomach—"justification by faith ; you can't explain it." I can explain it. It is simply this : when a man takes the Lord Jesus Christ as his Saviour from sin, God lets the offender off. Just as you have a difference with some one, he has injured you, he apologizes or he makes reparation, you say, "Now, that's all right, that's all right." Justification by faith is this : a man takes Jesus Christ as his Saviour, and God says to the man, "Now, it was all wrong before, but it is all right now ; it is all right." That was what made Martin Luther what he was. Justification by faith, it is going to conquer all nations.

"There is your absurd doctrine about regeneration," these antagonists of evangelism say. What is regeneration? Why, regeneration is reconstruction. Anybody can understand that. Have you not seen people who

are all made over again by some wonderful influence? In other words, they are just as different now from what they used to be as possible. The old Constellation man-of-war lay down here at the Brooklyn Navy Yard. Famine came to Ireland. The old Constellation was fitted up, and though it had been carrying gunpowder and bullets it took bread to Ireland. You remember the enthusiasm as the old Constellation went out of our harbor, and with what joy it was greeted by the famishing nation on the other side of the sea. That is regeneration. A man loaded up with sin and death loaded up with life. Refitted. Your observation has been very small indeed if you have not seen changes in characters as radical as that.

About four weeks ago a man came into this church one night, and he was intoxicated, and at an utterance of the pulpit he said in a subdued tone, "That's a lie." An officer of the church tapped him on the shoulder and

said, "You must be silent, or you must go out." The next night that stranger came, and he was converted to God. He had been engaged in the liquor business. He resigned the business. The next day he sent back the samples that had just been sent him. He began to love that which he hated. I baptized him by immersion. A large salary was offered him if he would return to his former business. He declined it. He would rather suffer with Jesus Christ than be prospered in the world. He wrote home a letter to his Christian mother. The Christian mother wrote back congratulating him, and said, "If in the change of business you have lack of means, come home ; you are always welcome home." He told of his conversion to a dissolute companion. The dissolute companion said, "Well, if you have become a Christian, you had better go over and talk to that dying girl. She is dying with quick consumption in that house." The new convert went

there. All the surroundings were dissolute. He told the dying girl that Jesus Christ would save her. "Oh," she said, "that can't be, that can't be! What makes you think so?" "I have it here in a book in my pocket," he replied. He pulled out a New Testament. She said, "Show it to me; if I can be saved show it to me in that book." He said, "I have neglected this book as you have neglected it for many years, and I don't know where to find it, but I know it is somewhere between the lids." Then he began to turn over the leaves, and, strange and beautiful to say, his eye struck upon this passage, "Neither do I condemn thee; go and sin no more." She said, "It isn't possible that is there!" "Yes," he said, "that is there." He held it up before her dying eyes, and she said: "Oh, yes, I see it for myself; I accept the promise: 'Neither do I condemn thee; go and sin no more.' " In a few hours her spirit sped away to the Lord that gave it, and the new con-

vert preached the funeral sermon. The man who a few days before had been a blasphemer and a drunkard and a hater of all that was good, he preached the sermon. That is regeneration, that is regeneration! If there are any dry husks of technicality in that, where are they? All made over again by the power of the grace of God.

Some years ago a ship captain came in here and sat yonder under the gallery. He came in with a contempt for the Church of God and with an especial dislike for Talmage. When an opportunity was given he arose for prayer, and as he was more than six feet high, when he arose for prayer no one doubted that he arose! That hour he became a Christian. He went out and told the ship owners and the ship commanders what a great change had been wrought in him, and scores and scores have been brought to God through his instrumentality.

A little while after his conversion he was

on a ship off Cape Hatteras in a thick and prolonged fog, and they were at their wits' ends and knew not what to do, the ship drifting about hither and thither, and they lost their bearings ; and the converted sea captain went to his room and asked God for the salvation of the ship, and God revealed it to him while he was on his knees that at a certain hour, only a little way off, the fog would lift ; and the converted sea captain came out on the deck and told how God heard his prayers. He said, "It is all right, boys, very soon now the fog will lift," mentioning the hour. A man who stood there laughed aloud in derision at the idea that God would answer prayer ; but at just the hour when God had assured the captain that the fog would lift there came a flash of lightning through the fog, and the man who had jeered and laughed was stunned and fell to the deck. The fog lifted. Yonder was Cape Hatteras lighthouse. The ship was put on the right course, and sailed on to the harbor of safety.

When in seaport the captain spends most of his time in evangelical work. He kneels down by one who has been helpless in the bed for many months, and the next day she walks forth in the streets well. He kneels beside one who has been long decrepit, and he resigns his crutches. He kneels beside one who has not seen enough to be able to read for ten years, and she reads the Bible that day. Consumptions go away, and those who have had diseases appalling to behold come up to rapid convalescence and to complete health. I am not telling you anything second-handed. I have had the story from the lips of those who were brought to health of body while at the same time brought to God. No second-hand story this. I have heard the testimony from men and women who have been cured. You may call it faith-cure, or you may call it the power of God coming down in answer to prayer ; I do not care what you call it, it is a fact. The scoffing sea captain, his heart full

of hatred for Christianity, now becomes a follower of the meek and lowly Jesus, giving all his time to evangelical labors, or all the time he can spare from other occupations. That is regeneration, that is regeneration. Man all made over again.

"There is your absurd doctrine of vicarious sacrifice," say these men who have chewed up the little book of creeds and have the consequent embittered stomach. "Vicarious sacrifice! Let every man suffer for himself! Why do I want Christ to suffer for me? I'll suffer for myself and carry my own burdens." They scoff at the idea of vicarious sacrifice, while they admire it everywhere else except in Christ. People see its beauty when a mother suffers for her child. People see its beauty when a patriot suffers for his country. People see its beauty when a man denies himself for a friend. They can see the beauty of vicarious sacrifice in every one but Christ.

A young lady in one of the literary institu-

tions was a teacher. She was very reticent and retired in her habits, and she formed no companionships in the new position she occupied, and her dress was very plain—sometimes it was very shabby. After a while she was discharged from the place for that reason, but no reason was given. In answer to the letter discharging her from the position, she said: "Well, if I have failed to please, I suppose it is my own fault." She went here and there for employment, and found none, and in desperation and in dementia she ended her life by suicide. Investigation was made and it was found that out of her small means she had supported her father, eighty years of age, and was paying the way for her brother in Yale College on his way to the ministry. It was found that she had no blanket on the bed that winter, and she had no fire on the very coldest day of the season. People found it out, and there was a large gathering at the funeral, the largest ever at any funeral in the

place, and the very people who had scoffed came and looked upon the pale face of the martyr, and all honor was done her ; but it was too late. Vicarious sacrifice. All are thrilled with such instances as that. But many are not moved by the fact that Christ paid His poverty for our riches, His self-abnegation for our enthronement, and knelt on the sharp edges of humiliation that we might climb over His lacerated shoulder into peace and heaven.

Be it ours to admire and adore these doctrines at which others jeer. Oh the depths of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God ! How unsearchable is His wisdom, and His ways are past finding out ! Oh the height, the depth, the length, the breadth, the infinity, the immensity, the eternity of that love ! Let our earnest prayers go out in behalf of all those who scoff at these doctrines of grace. When the London plague was raging in the last century, there was a hotel near

the chief burial-place that excited much comment. The dead carts went through the streets day and night, and the cry, "Bring out your dead!" was answered by the bringing out of the forms of the loved ones, and they were put twenty or thirty in a cart, and the wagons went on to the cemetery; and these dead were not buried in graves, but in great trenches, in great pits; in one pit eleven hundred and fourteen burials! The carts would come up with their great burden of twenty or thirty to the mouth of the pit, and the front of the cart was lifted and the dead shot into the pit. All the churches in London were open for prayer day and night, and England was in a great anguish. At that very time, at a hotel, at a wayside inn near the chief burial-place, there was a group of hardened men, who sat day after day and night after night blaspheming God and imitating the grief-struck who went by to the burial-place. These men sat there day after day,

and night after night, and they scoffed at men, and they scoffed at women, and they scoffed at God. But after a while one of them was struck with the plague, and in two weeks all of the group were down in the trench from the margin of which they had uttered their ribaldry. My friends, a greater plague is abroad in the world. Millions have died of it. Millions are smitten with it now. Plague of sin, plague of sorrow, plague of wretchedness, plague of woe. And consecrated men and women from all Christendom are going out trying to stay the plague and alleviate the anguish, and there is a group of men in this country base enough to sit and deride the work. They scoff at the Bible, and they scoff at evangelism, and they scoff at Jesus Christ, and they scoff at God. If these words shall reach them, either while they are sitting here to-day, or through the printing-press, let me tell them to remember the fate of that group in the wayside inn while the plague spread

its two black wings over the doomed city of London.

Oh, instead of us being scoffers, let us be disciples ! “Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.”

A Patmos Vision of Gates.

“And the twelve gates were twelve pearls.”—REV.
xxi. 21.

OUR subject speaks of a great metropolis, the existence of which many have doubted. Standing on the wharf and looking off upon the harbor, and seeing the merchantmen coming up the bay, the flags of foreign nations streaming from the top-gallants, you immediately make up your mind that those vessels came from foreign ports, and you say, “That is from Hamburg, and that is from Marseilles, and that is from Southampton, and that is from Havana,” and your supposition is accurate. But from the city of which I am now speaking no weather-beaten merchantmen or frigates with scarred bulkhead have ever come. There has been a vast emigration

into that city, but no emigration from it—so far as our natural vision can descry. “There is no such city,” says the undevout astronomer; “I have stood in high towers with a mighty telescope, and have swept the heavens, and I have seen spots on the sun and caverns in the moon; but no towers have ever risen on my vision, no palaces, no temples, no shining streets, no massive wall. There is no such city.” Even very good people tell me that heaven is not a material organism, but a grand spiritual fact, and that the Bible descriptions of it are in all cases to be taken figuratively. I bring in reply to this what Christ said, and He ought to know: “I go to prepare”—not a theory, not a principle, not a sentiment; but “I go to prepare a place for you.” The resurrected body implies this. If my foot is to be reformed from the dust, it must have something to tread on. If my hand is to be reconstructed, it must have something to handle. If my eye, having gone out in death, is to be

rekindled, I must have something to gaze on. Your adverse theory seems to imply that the resurrected body is to be hung on nothing, or to walk in air, or to float among the intangibles. You may say, if there be material organisms then a soul in heaven will be cramped and hindered in its enjoyments; but I answer: Did not Adam and Eve have plenty of room in the Garden of Eden? Although only a few miles would have described the circumference of that place, they had ample room. And do you not suppose that God, in the immensities, can build a place large enough to give the whole race room, even though there be material organisms?

Herschel looked into the heavens. As a Swiss guide puts his Alpine stock between the glaciers and crosses over from crag to crag, so Herschel planted his telescope between the worlds and glided from star to star, until he could announce to us that we live in a part of the universe but sparsely strewn

with worlds; and he peers out into immensity until he finds a region no larger than our solar system in which there are fifty thousand worlds moving. And Professor Lang says that, by a philosophical reasoning, there must be somewhere a world where there is no darkness, but everlasting sunshine; so that I do not know but that it is simply because we have no telescope powerful enough that we cannot see into the land where there is no darkness at all, and catch a glimpse of the burnished pinnacles. As a conquering army marching on to take a city, comes at nightfall to the crest of a mountain from which, in the midst of the landscape, they see the castles they are to capture, and rein in their war chargers, and halt to take a good look before they pitch their tents for the night; so now, coming as we do on this mountain-top of prospect, I command this regiment of God to rein in their thoughts and halt, and before they pitch their tents for the night take one good, long look at

the gate of the great city. "And the twelve gates were twelve pearls."

In the first place I want you to examine the architecture of those gates. Proprietors of large estates are very apt to have an ornamented gateway. Sometimes they spring an arch of masonry; the posts of the gate flanked with lions in statuary; the bronze gate a representation of intertwining foliage, bird-haunted, until the hand of architectural genius drops exhausted, all its life frozen into the stone. Babylon had a hundred gates; so had Thebes. Gates of wood, and iron, and stone guarded nearly all the old cities. Moslems have inscribed upon their gateways inscriptions from the Koran of the Mohammedan. There have been a great many fine gateways, but Christ sets His hand to the work, and for the upper city swung a gate such as no eye ever gazed on, untouched of inspiration. With the nail of His own cross He cut into its wonderful traceries stories of past suffering and of

gladness to come. There is no wood, or stone, or bronze, in that gate, but from top to base, and from side to side, it is all of pearl. Not one piece picked up from Ceylon banks, and another piece from the Persian Gulf, and another from the Island of Margarett; but one solid pearl picked up from the beach of everlasting light by heavenly hands, and hoisted and swung amid the shouting of angels. The glories of alabaster vase and porphyry pillar fade out before this gateway. It puts out the spark of feldspar and Bohemian diamond. You know how one little precious stone on your finger will flash under the gas-light. But oh! the brightness when the great gate of heaven swings, struck through and dripping with the light of eternal noonday.

Julius Cæsar paid a hundred and twenty-five thousand crowns for one pearl. The Government of Portugal boasted of having a pearl larger than a pear. Cleopatra and Philip II dazzled the world's vision with precious stones.

But gather all these together, and lift them, and add to them all the wealth of the pearl fisheries, and set them in the panel of one door, and it does not equal this magnificent gateway. An Almighty hand hewed this, swung this, polished this. Against this gateway, on the one side, dash all the splendors of earthly beauty. Against this gate on the other side beat the surges of eternal glory. Oh! the gate! the gate! It strikes an infinite charm through every one that passes it. One step this side of that gate and we are paupers. One step the other side of that gate and we are kings. The pilgrim of earth going through sees in the one huge pearl all his earthly tears in crystal. Oh! gate of light! gate of pearl! gate of heaven! For our weary souls at last swing open.

“When shall these eyes Thy heaven-built walls
And pearly gates behold;
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?”

Oh! heaven is not a dull place. Heaven is not a contracted place. Heaven is not a stupid place. "I saw the twelve gates, and they were twelve pearls."

In the second place I want you to count the number of those gates. Imperial parks and lordly manors are apt to have one expensive gateway, and the others are ordinary; but look around at these entrances to heaven, and count them. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve. Hear it, all the earth and all the heavens. Twelve gates!

I admit this is rather hard on sharp sectarianisms! If a Presbyterian is bigoted, he brings his Westminster Assembly Catechism, and he makes a gateway out of that, and he says to the world, "You go through there or stay out." If a member of the Reformed Church is bigoted, he makes a gate of the Heidelberg Catechism, and he says, "You go through there or stay out." If a Methodist is bigoted,

he plants two posts, and he says, "Now you crowd in between those two posts or stay out." Or perhaps an Episcopalian may say, "Here is a liturgy out of which I mean to make a gate; go through it or stay out." Or a Baptist may say, "Here is a water-gate: you go through that or you must stay out." And so in all our churches and in all our denominations there are men who make one gate for themselves, and then demand that the whole world go through it. I abhor this contractedness in religious views. O small-souled man, when did God give you the contract for making gates? I tell you plainly I will not go in that gate. I will go in at any one of the twelve gates I choose. Here is a man who says, "I can more easily and more closely approach God through a prayer-book." I say, "My brother, then use the prayer-book." Here is a man who says, "I believe there is only one mode of baptism, and that is immersion." Then I say, "Let me plunge you."

Anyhow, I say, away with the gate of rough panel and rotten posts and rusted latch, when there are twelve gates and they are twelve pearls.

The fact is, that a great many of the churches in this day are being doctined to death. They have been trying to find out all about God's decrees, and they want to know who are elected to be saved and who are reprobated to be damned, and they are keeping on discussing that subject when there are millions of souls who need to have the truth put straight at them. They sit counting the number of teeth in the jawbone with which Samson slew the Philistines. They sit on the beach and see a vessel going to pieces in the offing, and instead of getting into a boat, and putting away for the wreck, they sit discussing the different styles of oarlocks. God intended us to know some things, and intended us not to know others. I have heard scores of sermons explanatory of God's decrees, but came

away more perplexed than when I went. The only result of such discussion is a great fog. Here are two truths which are to conquer the world: Man, a sinner—Christ, a Saviour. Any man who adopts these two theories in his religious belief shall have my right hand in warm grip of Christian brotherhood.

A man comes down to a river in time of freshet. He wants to get across. He has to swim. What does he do? The first thing is to put off his heavy apparel, and drop everything he has in his hands. He must go empty-handed if he is going to the other bank. And I tell you when we have come down to the river of death, and find it swift and raging, we shall have to put off all our sectarianism and lay down all our cumbrous creed, and empty-handed put out for the other shore. "What," say you, "would you resolve all the Christian Church into one kind of church? Would you make all Christendom worship in the same way, by the same forms?" Oh, no.

You might as well decide that all people shall eat the same kind of food without reference to appetite, or wear the same kind of apparel without reference to the shape of their body. Your ancestry, your temperament, your surroundings, will decide whether you go to this or that church, and adopt this or that church polity. One church will best get one man to heaven, and another church another man. I do not care which one of the gates you go through, if you only go through one of the twelve gates that Jesus lifted.

Looking out at the one hundred and forty and four thousand, you cannot tell at what gate they came in. One Lord. One faith. One baptism. One glassy sea. One doxology. One triumph. One heaven. "Why, Luther, how did you get in?" "I came through the third gate." "Cranmer, how did you get in?" "I came through the eighth gate." "Adoniram Judson, how did you get through?" "I came through the seventh gate." "Hugh

McKail, the martyr, how did you get through?" "I came through the twelfth gate." Glory to God! twelve gates, but one heaven.

In the third place, notice the points of the compass toward which these gates look. They are not on one side, nor on two sides, nor on three sides, but on four sides. This is no fancy of mine but a distinct announcement. On the north, three gates, on the south three gates, on the east three gates, on the west three gates. What does that mean? Why it means that all nationalities are included, and it does not make any difference from what quarter of the earth a man comes up; if his heart is right, there is a gate open before him. On the north three gates. That means mercy for Lapland, and Siberia, and Norway and Sweden. On the south, three gates. That means pardon for Hindostan, and Algiers and Ethiopia. On the east, three gates. That means salvation for China and Japan, and Borneo. On the west,

three gates. That means redemption for America. It does not make any difference how dark-skinned or how pale-faced men may be, they will find a gate right before them. Those plucked bananas under a tropical sun. These shot across Russian snows behind reindeer. From Mexican plateau, from Roman Campana, from Chinese tea-field, from Holland dyke, from Scotch highlands, they come, they come. Heaven is not a monopoly for a few precious souls. It is not a Windsor Castle, built only for royal families. It is not a small town with small population, but John saw it, and he noticed that an angel was measuring it, and he measured it this way; and then he measured it that way, and whichever way he measured it, it was fifteen hundred miles; so that Babylon and Thebes, and Tyre and Nineveh, and St. Petersburg and Canton, and Peking and Paris, and London and New York, and all the dead cities of the past and all the living cities of the present, added together would not equal the census of that great metropolis.

Walking along a street, you can, by the contour of the dress, or of the face, guess where a man came from. You say, "That is a Frenchman; that is a Norwegian; that is an American." But the gates that gather in the righteous will bring them in irrespective of nationality. Foreigners sometimes get homesick. Some of the tenderest and most pathetic stories have been told of those who left their native clime, and longed for it until they died. But the Swiss, coming to the high residence of heaven, will not long any more for the Alps, standing in the eternal hills. The Russian will not long any more for the luxuriant harvest fields he left, now that he hears the hum and the rustle of the harvests of everlasting light. The royal ones from earth will not long to go back again to the earthly court now that they stand in the palaces of the sun. Those who once lived among the groves of spice and oranges will not long to return now that they stand under the trees of life that bear twelve manner of fruits.

While I speak an ever-increasing throng is pouring through the gates. They are going up from Senegambia and Patagonia, from Madras, from Hong Kong. "What?" you say, "do you introduce all the heathen into glory?" I tell you the fact is that the majority of the people in those climes die in infancy, and the infants all go straight into eternal life, and so the vast majority of those who die in China and India, the vast majority of those who die in Africa, go straight into the skies—they die in infancy. One hundred and sixty generations have been born since the world was created, and so I estimate that there must be fifteen thousand million children in glory. If at a concert two thousand children sing, your soul is raptured within you. O! the transport when fifteen thousand million little ones stand up in white before the throne of God, their chanting drawing out all the stupendous harmonies of Dusseldorf, and Leipsic, and Boston. Pour in through the

twelve gates, O ! ye redeemed ! banner lifted, rank after rank, saved battalion after saved battalion, until all the city of God shall hear the tramp, tramp. Crowd all the twelve gates. Room yet. Room on the thrones. Room in the mansions. Room on the river bank. Let the trumpet of invitation be sounded until all earth's mountains hear the shrill blast and the glens echo it. Let missionaries tell it in the pagoda, and colporteurs sound it across the Western prairies. Shout it to the Laplander on his swift sled ; halloo it to the Bedouin careering across the desert. News ! News ! A glorious heaven and twelve gates to get into it ! Hear it ! O you thin-blooded nations of eternal winter—on the north, three gates. Hear it ! O you bronzed inhabitants panting under equatorial heats—on the south, three gates.

But I notice when John saw these gates they were open—wide open. They will not always be so. After a while heaven will have gathered

up all its intended population, and the children of God will have come home. Every crown taken. Every harp struck. Every throne mounted. All the glories of the universe harvested in the great garner. And heaven being made up, of course the gates will be shut. Austria in, and the first gate shut. Russia in, and the second gate shut. Italy in, and the third gate shut. Egypt in, and the fourth gate shut. Spain in, and the fifth gate shut. France in, and the sixth gate shut. England in, and the seventh gate shut. Norway in, and the eighth gate shut. Switzerland in, and the ninth gate shut. Hindostan in, and the tenth gate shut. Siberia in, and the eleventh gate shut. All the gates are closed but one. Now, let America go in with all the islands of the sea and all the other nations that have called on God. The captives all freed. The harvests all gathered. The nations all saved. The flashing splendor of this last pearl begins to move on its hinges. Let two mighty angels

put their shoulders to the gate and heave it to with silvery clang, 'tis done! It thunders. The twelfth gate shut! Once more I want to show you the gate-keeper. There is one angel at each one of those gates. You say that is right. Of course it is. You know that no earthly palace, or castle, or fortress would be safe without a sentry pacing up and down by night and by day; and if there were no defences before heaven, and the doors set wide open with no one to guard them, all the vicious of earth would go up after a while, and all the abandoned of hell would go up after a while, and heaven, instead of being a world of light, and joy, and peace, and blessedness, would be a world of darkness and horror. So I am glad to tell you that while these twelve gates stand open to let a great multitude in, there are twelve angels to keep some people out. Robespierre cannot go through there, nor Hildebrand, nor Nero, nor any of the debauched of earth who have not repented of their wicked-

ness. If one of these nefarious men who despised God should come to the gate, one of the keepers would put his hand on his shoulder and push him into outer darkness. There is no place in that land for thieves, and liars, and whoremongers, and defrauders and all those who disgraced their race and fought against their God. If a miser should get in there he would pull up the golden pavement. If a house-burner should get in there, he would set fire to the mansion. If a libertine should get in there, he would whisper his abominations standing on the white coral of the sea-beach. Only those who are blood-washed and prayer-lipped will get through. Oh, my brother, if you should at last come up to one of the gates and try to get through, not having a pass written by the crushed hand of the Son of God, the gate-keeper would with one glance wither you forever.

There will be a password at the gate of heaven. Do you know what that password is?

Here comes a crowd of souls up to the gate, and they say, "Let me in, let me in. I was very useful on earth. I endowed colleges, I built churches, and was famous for my charities; and having done so many wonderful things for the world, now I come up to get my reward." A voice from within says, "I never knew you." Another great crowd comes up, and they try to get through. They say, "We were highly honorable on earth, and the world bowed very lowly before us. We were honored on earth, and now we come to get our honors in heaven;" and a voice from within says, "I never knew you." Another crowd advances, and says, "We were very moral people on earth, very moral indeed, and we come up to get appropriate recognition." A voice answers, "I never knew you."

After a while I see another throng approach the gate, and one seems to be spokesman for all the rest, although their voices ever and anon cry, "Amen! amen!" This one stands at

the gate and says, "Let me in. I was a wanderer from God. I deserve to die. I have come to this place, not because I deserve it, but because I have heard that there is a saving power in the blood of Jesus." The gate-keeper says, "That is the password, 'Jesus! Jesus!'" and they pass in, and they surround the throne, and the cry is, "Worthy is the lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and blessing."

I stand here, this hour, to invite you into any one of the twelve gates. I tell you now that unless your heart is changed by the grace of God, you cannot get in. I do not care where you come from, or who your father was, or who your mother was, or what your brilliant surroundings—unless you repent of your sin and take Christ for your divine Saviour, you cannot get in. Are you willing, then, this moment, just where you are, to kneel down

and cry to the Lord Almighty for his deliverance?

You want to get in, do you not? Oh, you have some good friends there. Within a year there was some one who went out from your home into that blessed place. They did not have any trouble getting through the gates, did they? No, they knew the password, and, coming up, they said "Jesus!" and the cry was, "Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates, and let them come in." Oh, when heaven is all done, and the troops of God shout the castle taken, how grand it will be if you and I are among them. Blessed are all they who enter in through the gates into the City.

A Patmos Vision of Silence in Heaven.

"There was silence in heaven about the space of half an hour."—Rev. viii. 1.

THE busiest place in the universe is heaven. It is the centre from which all good influences start ; it is the goal at which all good results arrive. The Bible represents it as active with wheels and wings and orchestras and processions mounted or charioted. But my text describes a space when the wheels ceased to roll and the trumpets to sound and the voices to chant. The riders on the white horses reined in their chargers. The doxologies were hushed and the processions halted. The hand of arrest was put upon all the splendors. "Stop, Heaven !" cried an omnipotent voice, and it stopped. For thirty

minutes everything celestial stood still.

"There was silence in heaven about the space of half an hour."

From all we can learn it is the only time heaven ever stopped. It does not stop as other cities for the night, for there is no night there. It does not stop for a plague, for the inhabitant never says, "I am sick." It does not stop for bankruptcies, for its inhabitants never fail. It does not stop for impassable streets, for there are no fallen snows nor sweeping freshets. What, then, stopped it for thirty minutes? Grotius and Professor Stuart think it was at the time of the destruction of Jerusalem. Mr. Lord thinks it was in the year 311 A. D., between the close of the Diocletian persecution and the beginning of the wars by which Constantine gained the throne. But that was all a guess, though a learned and brilliant guess. I do not know when it was and I do not care when it was, but of the fact that such an interregnum of sound took place,

I am certain. "There was silence in heaven about the space of half an hour."

And, first of all, we may learn that God and all heaven then honored silence. The full power of silence many of us have yet to learn. We are told that when Christ was arraigned "He answered not a word." That silence was louder than any thunder that ever shook the world. Ofttimes when we are assailed and misrepresented, the mightiest thing to say is to say nothing, and the mightiest thing to do is to do nothing. Those people who are always rushing into print to get themselves set right accomplish nothing but their own chagrin. Silence! Do right and leave the results with God. Among the grandest lessons the world has ever learned are the lessons of patience taught by those who endured uncomplainingly personal or domestic or political injustice. Oh, the power of patient silence! Æschylus, the immortal poet, was condemned to death for writing something

that offended the people. All the pleas in his behalf were of no avail, until his brother uncovered the arm of the prisoner and showed that his hand had been shot off at Salamis. That silent plea liberated him. The loudest thing on earth is silence if it be of the right kind and at the right time. There was a quaint old hymn, spelled in the old style, and once sung in the churches :

The race is not forever got
By him who fastest runs,
Nor the Battel by those peopell
That shoot with the longest guns.

My friends, the tossing sea of Galilee seemed most to offend Christ by the amount of noise it made, for he said to it, "Be still!" Heaven has been crowning kings and queens unto God for many centuries, yet heaven never stopped a moment for any such occurrence, but it stopped thirty minutes for the coronation of silence. "There was silence in heaven about the space of half an hour."

Learn also from my text that heaven must be an eventful and active place, from the fact that it could afford only thirty minutes of recess. There have been events on earth and in heaven that seemed to demand a whole day or whole week or whole year for celestial consideration. If Grotius was right and this silence occurred at the time of the destruction of Jerusalem, that scene was so awful and so prolonged that the inhabitants of heaven could not have done justice to it in many weeks. After fearful besiegement of the two fortresses of Jerusalem—Antonio and Hippicus—had been going on for a long while, a Roman soldier mounted on the shoulder of another soldier hurled into the window of the Temple a firebrand, and the Temple was all aflame, and after covering many sacrifices to the holiness of God, the building itself became a sacrifice to the rage of man. The hunger of the people in that city during the besiegement was so great that as some outlaws were passing

a doorway and inhaled the odors of food, they burst open the door, threatening the mother of the household with death unless she gave them some food, and she took them aside and showed them that it was her own child she was cooking for the ghastly repast. Six hundred priests were destroyed on Mount Zion because the Temple being gone there was nothing for them to do. Six thousand people in one cloister were consumed. There were one million one hundred thousand dead, according to Josephus. Grotius thinks that this was the cause of silence in heaven for half an hour. If Mr. Lord was right and this silence was during the Diocletian persecutions, by which eight hundred and forty-four thousand Christians suffered death from sword and fire, and banishment and exposure, why did not heaven listen throughout at least one of those awful years? No! Thirty minutes! The fact is that the celestial programme is so crowded with spectacle that it can afford only

one recess in all eternity and that for a short space. While there are great choruses in which all heaven can join, each soul there has a story of divine mercy peculiar to itself, and it must be a solo. How can heaven get through with all its recitatives, with all its cantatas, with all its grand marches, with all its victories? Eternity is too short to utter all the praise.

Not only are all the triumphs of the past to be commemorated, but all the triumphs to come. Not only what we now know of God, but what we shall know of him after everlasting study of the Deific. If my text had said there was silence in heaven for thirty days, I should not have been startled at the announcement, but it indicates thirty minutes. Why, there will be so many friends to hunt up; so many of the greatly good and useful that we shall want to see; so many of the inscrutable things of earth we shall need explained; so many exciting earthly ex-

periences we shall want to talk over, and all the other spirits and all the ages will want the same, that there will be no more opportunity for cessation. How busy we shall be kept in having pointed out to us the heroes and heroines that the world never fully appreciated — the yellow-fever and cholera doctors, who died not flying from their posts ; the female nurses who faced pestilence in the lazarettos ; the railroad engineers who stayed at their places in order to save the train though they themselves perished. Hubert Goffin, the master-miner, who, landing from the bucket at the bottom of the mine, just as he heard the waters rush in, and when one jerk of the rope would have lifted him into safety, put a blind miner who wanted to go to his sick child in the bucket and jerked the rope for him to be pulled up, crying, "Tell them the water has burst in and we are probably lost ; but we will seek refuge at the other end of the right gallery;" and then giving the

command to the other miners till they digged themselves so near out that the people from the outside could come to their rescue. The multitudes of men and women who got no crown on earth, we shall want to see when they get their crown in heaven. I tell you heaven will have no more half-hours to spare.

Besides that, heaven is full of children. They are in the vast majority. No child on earth who amounts to anything can be kept quiet half an hour, and how are you going to keep five hundred million of them quiet half an hour? You know heaven is much more of a place than it was when that recess of thirty minutes occurred. Its population has quadrupled, sextupled, centupled. Heaven has more on hand, more of rapture, more of knowledge, more of intercommunication, more of worship. There is not so much difference between Brooklyn seventy-five years ago, when there were a few houses down on the East River and the village reached up

only to Sands street, as compared with what this great city is now—yea, not so much difference between New York when Canal street was far up-town and now when Canal street is far down-town, than there is a difference between what heaven was when my text was written and what heaven is now. The most thrilling place we have ever been in is stupid compared with that, and, if we now have no time to spare, we shall then have no eternity to spare. Silence in heaven only half an hour !

My subject also impresses me with the immortality of a half-hour. That half-hour mentioned in my text is more widely known than any other period in the calendar of heaven. None of the whole hours of heaven are measured off, none of the years, none of the centuries. Of the millions of ages past, and the millions of ages to come, not one is especially measured off in the Bible. The half-hour of my text is made immortal. The

only part of eternity that was ever measured by earthly timepiece was measured by the minute hand of my text. Oh, the half-hours! They decide everything. I am not asking what you will do with the years or months or days of your life, but what of the half-hours. Tell me the history of your half-hours, and I will tell you the story of your whole life on earth and the story of your whole life in eternity. The right or wrong things you can think in thirty minutes, the right or wrong things you can say in thirty minutes, the right or wrong things you can do in thirty minutes are glorious or baleful, inspiring or desperate. Look out for the fragments of time. They are pieces of eternity. It was the half-hours between shoeing horses that made Elihu Burritt the learned blacksmith, the half-hours between professional calls as a physician that made Abercrombie the Christian philosopher, the half-hours between his duties as school-master that made Salmon P. Chase

chief-justice, the half-hours between shoe-lasts that made Henry Wilson vice-president of the United States, the half-hours between canal-boats that made James A. Garfield president. The half-hour a day for good books or bad books ; the half-hour a day for prayer or indolence ; the half-hour a day for helping others or blasting others ; the half-hour before you go to business, and the half-hour after your return from business ; that makes the difference between the scholar and the ignoramus, between the Christian and the infidel, between the saint and the demon, between triumph and catastrophe, between heaven and hell. The most tremendous things of your life and mine were certain half-hours. The half-hour when in the parsonage of a country minister I resolved to become a Christian then and there ; the half-hour when I decided to become a preacher of the Gospel ; the half-hour when I first realized that my son was dead ; the half-hour when I stood on the top of my house

in Oxford street and saw our church burn; the half-hour in which I entered Jerusalem; the half-hour in which I ascended Mount Calvary; the half-hour in which I stood on Mars Hill; the half-hour in which the dedicatory prayer of this Temple was made; and about ten or fifteen other half-hours, are the chief times of my life. You may forget the names of the exact years or most of the important events of your existence, but those half-hours, like the half-hour of my text, will be immortal. I do not query what you will do with the Twentieth Century, I do not query what you will do with this year, but what will you do with the next half-hour? Upon that hinges your destiny. And during that some of you will receive the Gospel and make complete surrender, and during that others of you will make final and fatal rejection of the full and free and urgent and impassioned offer of life eternal. Oh, that the next half-hour might be the most glorious thirty minutes of your earthly exist-

ence ! Far back in history a great geographer stood with a sailor, looking at a globe that represented our planet, and he pointed to a place on the globe where he thought there was an undiscovered continent. The undiscovered continent was America. The geographer who pointed where he thought there was a new world was Martin Behaim, and the sailor to whom he showed it was Columbus. This last was not satisfied till he had picked that gem out of the sea and set it in the crown of the world's geography. Oh, ye who have been sailing up and down the rough seas of sorrow and sin, let me point out to you another continent, yea, another world, that you may yourselves find a rapturous world, and that is the world a half-hour of which we now study. Oh, set sail for it ! Here is the ship and here are the compasses. In other words, make this half-hour, beginning at twenty minutes of twelve by my watch, the grandest half-hour of your life, and become a Christian.

Pray for a regenerated spirit. Louis XIV., while walking in the garden at Versailles met Mansard, the great architect, and the architect took off his hat before the king. "Put on your hat," said the king, "for the evening is damp and cold." And Mansard, the architect, the rest of the evening kept on his hat. The dukes and marquises standing with bare heads before the king expressed their surprise at Mansard, but the king said, "I can make a duke or a marquis, but God only can make a Mansard." And I say to you, my hearers, God only by his convicting and converting grace can make a Christian, but he is ready this very half-hour to accomplish it.

Again, my text suggests a way of studying heaven so that we can better understand it. The word "eternity" that we handle so much is an immeasurable word. Knowing that we could not understand that word, the Bible uses it only once. We say, "For ever and ever;" but, how long is "for ever and ever?"

I am glad that my text puts under our eye heaven for thirty minutes. As when you would see a great picture, you put a sheet of paper into a scroll and look through it, or join your forefinger to your thumb and look through the circle between, and the picture becomes more intense, so this masterpiece of heaven by St. John is more impressive when we take only thirty minutes of it at a time. Now we have something that we can come nearer to grasping, and it is a quiet heaven. When we discourse about the multitudes of heaven, it must be almost a nervous shock to those who have all their lives been crowded by many people, and who want a quiet heaven. For many years I have been much of the time in crowds and under public scrutiny and amid excitements, and I have sometimes thought that for a few weeks after I reach heaven I should like to go down in some quiet part of the realm, with a few friends, and for a little while try comparative solitude. Then

there are those whose hearing is so delicate that they get no satisfaction when you describe the crash of the eternal orchestra, and they feel like saying, as a good woman in Hudson, N. Y., said, after hearing me speak of the mighty chorus of heaven: "That must be a great heaven, but what will become of my poor head?" Yes, this half-hour of my text is a still experience. "There was silence in heaven about half an hour." You will find the inhabitants all at home. Enter the King's Palace and take only a glimpse, for we have only thirty minutes for all heaven. "Is that Jesus?" "Yes." Just under the hair along his forehead is the mark of a wound made by a bunch of twisted brambles, and his foot on the throne has on the round of his instep another mark of a wound made by a spike, and a scar on the palm of the right hand, and a scar on the palm of the left hand. But, what a countenance! What a smile! What a grandeur! What a loveliness! What an over-

whelming look of kindness and grace! Why, he looks as if he had redeemed a world! But, come on, for our time is short. Do you see that row of palaces? That is the Apostolic Row. Do you see that long reach of architectural glories? That is Martyr Row. Do you see that immense structure? That is the biggest house in heaven; that is "the House of Many Mansions." Do you see that wall? Shade your eyes against its burning splendor, for that is the wall of heaven, jasper at the bottom and amethyst at the top. See this river rolling through the heart of the great metropolis? That is the river concerning which those who once lived on the banks of the Hudson, or the Alabama, or the Rhine, or the Shannon, say, "We never saw the like of this for clarity and sheen." That is the chief river of heaven—so bright, so wide, so deep. But you ask, "Where are the asylums for the old?" I answer, "The inhabitants are all young." "Where are the hospitals

for the lame?" "They are all agile." "Where are the infirmaries for the blind and deaf?" "They all see and hear." "Where are the almshouses for the poor?" "They are all multi-millionaires." "Where are the inebriate asylums?" "Why there are no saloons." "Where are the graveyards?" "Why they never die." Pass down those boulevards of gold and amber and sapphire, and see those interminable streets built by the architect of the universe into homes over the threshold of which sorrow never steps, and out of whose windows faces, once pale with earthly sickness, now look rubicund with immortal health. "Oh, let me go in and see them," you say. No, you cannot go in. There are those there who would never consent to let you come out again. You say, "Let me stay here in this place where they never sin, where they never suffer, where they never part." No, no! Our time is short, our thirty minutes are almost gone. Come on! We must get back to

earth before this half-hour of heavenly silence breaks up, for in your mortal state you cannot endure the pomp and splendor and resonance when this half-hour of silence is ended. The day will come when you can see heaven in full blast, but not now. I am now only showing you heaven in the dullest half-hour of all the eternities. Come on! There is something in the celestial appearance which makes me think that the half-hour of silence will soon be over. Yonder are the white horses being hitched to chariots, and yonder are seraphs fingering harps as if about to strike them into symphony, and yonder are conquerors taking down from the blue halls of heaven the trumpets of victory. Remember, we are mortal yet, and cannot endure the full roll of heavenly harmonies and cannot endure even the silent heaven for more than half an hour. Hark! the clock in the tower of heaven begins to strike, and the half-hour is ended. Descend! Come back! Come down!

till your work is done. Shoulder a little longer your burdens. Fight a little longer your battles. Weep a little longer your griefs. And then take heaven not in its dullest half-hour, but in its mightiest pomp, and, instead of taking it for thirty minutes, take it world without end. But how will you spend the first half-hour of your heavenly citizenship after you have gone in to stay? After your prostration in worship before the throne of Him who made it possible for you to get there at all, I think the rest of your first half-hour in heaven will be passed in receiving your reward if you have been faithful. I have a strangely beautiful book containing the pictures of the medals struck by the English Government in honor of great battles. These medals were pinned over the heart of the returned heroes of the army, on great occasions, the Royal family present, and the Royal bands playing: the Crimean medal, the Legion of Honor, the Victoria Cross, the Waterloo medal.

In your first half-hour in heaven in some way you will be honored for the earthly struggles in which you won the day. Stand up before all the Royal House of heaven and receive the insignia, while you are announced as victor over the droughts and freshets of the farm-field, victor over the temptations of the stock-exchange, victor over professional allurements, victor over domestic infelicities, victor over mechanic's shop, victor over the storehouse, victor over home worriments, victor over physical distresses, victor over hereditary depressions, victor over sin and death and hell. Take the badge that celebrates those victories through our Lord Jesus Christ. Take it in the presence of all the galleries, saintly, angelic and Divine, while all heaven chants: "These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."



A Patmos Vision of Pain Banished.

“Neither shall there be any more pain.”—Rev.
xxi. 4.

WHAT an exhilarating vision for St. John on Patmos; amid pain of hunger, pain of home sickness, pain of exile, pain of exposure, a glimpse of the land where there shall be no more pain!

The first question that you ask when about to change your residence to any city is, “What is the health of the place? is it shaken of terrible disorders? what are the bills of mortality? what is the death-rate? how high rises the thermometer?” And am I not reasonable in asking—What is the sanitary condition of the heavenly city into which we all hope to move? My text answers it by say-

ing, "Neither shall there be any more pain."

First, I remark, there will be no pain of disappointment in heaven. If I could put the picture of what you anticipated of life when you began it beside the picture of what you have realized, I should find a great difference. You have stumbled upon great disappointments.

Perhaps you expected riches, and you have worked hard enough to gain them; you have planned and worried and persisted until your hands were worn and your brain was racked and your heart fainted, and at the end of this long strife with misfortune you find that if you have not been positively defeated it has been a drawn battle. It is still tug and tussle—this year losing what you gained last, financial uncertainties pulling down faster than you build. For perhaps twenty or thirty years you have been running your craft straight into the teeth of the wind.

Perhaps you have had domestic disappoint-

ment. Your children, upon whose education you lavished your hard-earned dollars, have not turned out as expected. Notwithstanding all your counsels and prayers and painstaking they will not do right. Many a good father has had a bad boy. Absalom trod on David's heart. That mother never imagined all this as twenty or thirty years ago she sat by that child's cradle.

Your life has been a chapter of disappointments. But, come with me, and I will show you a different scene. By God's grace, entering the other city you will never again have a blasted hope. The most jubilant of expectations will not reach the realization. Coming to the top of one hill of joy, there will be other heights rising upon the vision. This song of transport will but lift you to higher anthems ; the sweetest choral but a prelude to more tremendous harmony ; all things better than you had anticipated—the robe richer, the crown brighter, the temple grander, the throng mightier.

Further, I remark, there will be no pain of weariness. It is now twelve or fifteen hours since you quit work, but many of you are unrested, some from overwork, and some from dullness of trade, the latter more exhausting than the former. Your ankles ache, your spirits flag, you want rest. Are these wheels always to turn? these shuttles to fly? these axes to hew? these shovels to delve? these pens to fly? these books to be posted? these goods to be sold?

Ah! the great holiday approaches. No more curse of taskmasters. No more stooping until the back aches. No more calculation until the brain is bewildered. No more pain. No more carpentry, for the mansions are all built. No more masonry, for the walls are all reared. No more diamond-cutting, for the gems are all set. No more gold-beating, for the crowns are all completed. No more agriculture, for the harvests are spontaneous.

Further, there will be no more pain of

poverty. It is a hard thing to be really poor; to have your coat wear out and no money to get another; to have your flour barrel empty and nothing to buy bread with for your children; to live in an unhealthy row and no means to change your habitation; to have your child sick with some mysterious disease, and not be able to secure eminent medical ability; to have son or daughter begin the world and you not have anything to help them in starting; with a mind capable of research and high contemplation, to be perpetually fixed on questions of mere livelihood.

Poets try to throw a romance about the poor man's lot; but there is no romance about it. Poverty is hard, cruel, unrelenting. But Lazarus waked up without his rags and his diseases, and so all of Christ's poor wake up at last without any of their disadvantages—no almshouses, for they are all princes; no rents to pay, for the residence is gratuitous; no garments to buy, for the robes are divinely

fashioned; no seats in church for poor folks, but equality among temple worshippers. No hovels, no hard crusts, no insufficient apparel. "They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat." No more pain!

Further, there will be no pain of parting. All these associations must some time break up. We clasp hands and walk together, and talk and laugh and weep together; but we must after a while separate. Your grave will be in one place, mine in another. We shall look each other full in the face for the last time. We shall be sitting together some evening, or walking together some day, and nothing will be unusual in our appearance or our conversation; but God knows that it is the last time, and messengers from eternity, on their errand to take us away, know it is the last time, and in heaven, where they make ready for our departing spirits, they know it is the last time.

Oh, the long agony of earthly separation!

It is awful to stand in your nursery fighting death back from the couch of your child, and try to hold fast the little one, and see all the time that he is getting weaker, and the breath is shorter, and make outcry to God to help us, and to the doctors to save him, and see it is of no avail, and then to know that his spirit is gone, and that you have nothing left but the casket that held the jewel, and that in two or three days you must even put that away, and walk around about the house and find it desolate, sometimes feeling rebellious, and then to resolve to feel differently, and to resolve on self-control, and just as you have come to what you think is perfect self-control, to suddenly come upon some little sack, or picture, or shoe half worn out, and how all the floods of the soul burst in one wild wail of agony!

Oh, my God, how hard it is to part, to close the eyes that never can look merry at our coming, to kiss the hand that will never again do

us a kindness! I know religion gives great consolation in such an hour, and we ought to be comforted; but anyhow and anyway you make it, it is awful.

On steamboat wharf and at rail-car window we may smile when we say farewell; but these good-byes at the death-bed, they just take hold of the heart with iron pincers, and tear it out by the roots until all the fibres quiver and curl in the torture and drop thick blood. These separations are wine-presses into which our hearts, like red clusters, are thrown, and then trouble turns the windlass round and round until we are utterly crushed, and have no more capacity to suffer, and we stop crying because we have wept all our tears.

On every street, at every doorstep, by every couch, there have been partings. But once past the heavenly portals, and you are through with such scenes forever. In that land there are many hand-claspings and embracings, but only in recognition. That great home circle

never breaks. Once find your comrades there and you have them forever. No crape floats from the door of that blissful residence. No cleft hillside where the dead sleep. All awake, wide awake, and forever. No pushing out of emigrant ship for foreign shore. No tolling of bell as the funeral passes. Whole generations in glory. Hand to hand, heart to heart, joy to joy. No creeping up the limbs of the death-chill, the feet cold until hot flannels cannot warm them. No rattle of sepulchral gates. No parting, no pain.

Further, the heavenly city will have no pain of body. The race is pierced with sharp distresses. The surgeon's knife must cut. The dentist's pincers must pull. Pain is fought with pain. The world is a hospital. Scores of diseases, like vultures contending for a carcass, struggle as to which shall have it. Our natures are infinitely susceptible to suffering. The eye, the foot, the hand, with immense capacity of anguish.

The little child meets at the entrance of life manifold diseases. You hear the shrill cry of infancy as the lancet strikes into the swollen gum. You see its head toss in consuming fevers that take more than half of them into the dust. Old age passes, dizzy and weak and short-breathed and dim-sighted. On every north-east wind come down pleurisies and pneumonias. War lifts its sword and hacks away the life of whole generations. The hospitals of the earth groan into the ear of God their complaint. Asiatic choleras, and ship fevers and typhoids and London plagues make the world's knees knock together.

Pain has gone through every street, and up every ladder, and down every shaft. It is on the wave, on the mast, on the beach. Wounds from clip of elephant's tusk, and adder's sting, and crocodile's teeth, and horse's hoof, and wheel's revolution. We gather up the infirmities of our parents and transmit to our children the inheritance augmented by our

own sickness, and they add to them their own disorders, to pass the inheritance to other generations. In 262 the plague in Rome smote into the dust 5000 citizens daily. In 544, A. D. in Constantinople, 1000 gravediggers were not enough to bury the dead. In 1813 the ophthalmia seized the whole Prussian army. At times the earth has sweltered with suffering.

Count up the pains of Austerlitz, where 30,000 fell ; of Fontenoy, where 100,000 fell ; of Chalons, where 300,000 fell ; of Marius' fight, in which 290,000 fell ; of the tragedy at Herat, where Genghis Khan massacred 1,600,000 men, and of Nishar, where he slew 1,747,000 people ; of the 18,000,000 this monster sacrificed in fourteen years, as he went forth to do as he declared, to exterminate the entire Chinese nation and make the empire a pasture for cattle. Think of the death-throes of the 5,000,000 men sacrificed in one campaign of Xerxes. Think of the 120,-

ooo that perished in the siege of Ostend, of 300,000 dead at Acre ; of 1,100,000 dead in the siege of Jerusalem ; of the dead 1,816,000 at Troy, and then complete the review by considering the stupendous estimate of Edward Burke, that the loss by war has been thirty-five times the entire then present population of the globe.

Go through and examine the lacerations, the gunshot fractures, the sabre wounds, the gashes of the battle-axe, the slain of bomb-shell and exploded mine and falling wall, and those destroyed under the gun-carriage and the hoof of the cavalry horse, the burning thirsts, the camp fevers, the frosts that shivered, the tropical suns that smote. Add it up, gather it into one line, compress it into one word, spell it in one syllable, clank it in one chain, pour it out in one groan, distill it into one tear.

Ay, the world has writhed in six thousand years of suffering. Why doubt the possibil-

ity of a future world of suffering when we see the tortures that have been inflicted in this? A deserter from Sebastopol coming over to the armies of the allies pointed back to the fortress and said, "That place is a perfect hell."

Our lexicographers, aware of the immense necessity of having plenty of words to express the different shades of trouble, have strewn over their pages such words as "annoyance," "distress," "grief," "bitterness," "heart-ache," "misery," "twinge," "pang," "torture," "affliction," "anguish," "tribulation," "wretchedness," "woe." But I have a glad sound for every hospital, for every sick room, for every life-long invalid, for every broken heart. "There shall be no more pain." Thank God! Thank God!

No malarial float in the air. No bruised foot treads that street. No weary arm. No painful respiration. No hectic flush. No one can drink of that healthy fountain and keep faint-hearted or faint-headed. He whose

foot touches that pavement becometh an athlete. The first kiss of that summer air will take the wrinkles from the old man's cheek. Amid the multitude of songsters, not one diseased throat. The first flash of the throne will scatter the darkness of those who were born blind. See, the lame man leaps as a hart, and the dumb sing. From that bath of infinite delight we shall step forth, our weariness forgotten. Who are those radiant ones? Why, that one had his jaw shot off at Fredericksburg; that one lost his eyes in a powder blast; that one had his back broken by a fall from the ship's halyards; that one died of gangrene in the hospital. No more pain.

Sure enough, here is Robert Hall, who never before saw a well day, and Edward Payson, whose body was ever torn of distress, and Richard Baxter, who passed through untold physical torture. All well. No more pain. Here too, are the Theban legion, a great host of 6666 put to the sword for Christ's sake.

No distortion on their countenance. No fires to hurt them, or floods to drown them, or racks to tear them. All well.

Here are the Scotch Covenanters, none to hurt them now. The dark cave and imprecations of Lord Claverhouse exchanged for temple service, and the presence of Him who helped Hugh Latimer out of the fire. All well. No more pain.

On this torrid morning I set open the door of heaven until there blows on you this refreshing breeze. The fountains of God have made it cool, and the gardens have made it sweet. I do not know that Solomon ever heard on a hot day the ice click in an ice-pitcher, but he wrote as if he did when he said, "As cold waters to a thirsty soul, so is good news from a far country."

Clambering among the Green Mountains, I was tired and hot and thirsty, and I shall not forget how refreshing it was when, after a while, I heard the mountain brook tumbling

over the rocks. I had no cup, no chalice, so I got down on my knees and face to drink. O, ye climbers on the journey, with cut feet and parched tongues and fevered temples, listen to the rumbling of sapphire brooks, amid flowered banks, over golden shelvings. Listen ! "The Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall lead them unto living fountains of waters." I do not offer it to you in a chalice. To take this you must bend. Get down on your knees and your face, and drink out of this great fountain of God's consolation. "And I heard a voice from heaven, as the voice of many waters."

At Ephesus—The Temple of Diana.

“Great is Diana of the Ephesians.”—Acts xix. 34.

WE have landed this morning at Smyrna, a city of Asiatic Turkey. One of the seven churches of Asia once stood here. You read in Revelation, “To the church in Smyrna write.” It is a city that has often been shaken by earthquake, swept by conflagration, blasted by plagues, and butchered by war, and here Bishop Polycarp stood in a crowded amphitheatre and when he was asked to give up the advocacy of the Christian religion and save himself from martyrdom, the pro-consul saying, “Swear and I release thee; reproach Christ,” replied: “Eighty and six years have I served him, and he never did me wrong; how then can I revile my King and Saviour?” When he was brought to the fires into which

he was about to be thrust, and the officials were about to fasten him to the stake, he said: "Let me remain as I am, for he who giveth me strength to sustain the fire will enable me also, without your securing me with nails, to remain unmoved in the fire." History says the fires refused to consume him; and under the winds the flames bent outward so that they did not touch his person, and therefore he was slain by swords and spears. One cypress bending over his grave is the only monument to Bishop Polycarp.

But we are on the way to the city of Ephesus. We must see Ephesus—associated with the most wonderful apostolic scenes. We hire a special railway train, and in about an hour and a half we arrive at the city of Ephesus, which was called "The Great Metropolis of Asia," and "One of the Eyes of Asia," and "The Empress of Ionia," the capital of all learning and magnificence. Here, as I said, was one of the seven churches of Asia,

and first of all we visit the ruins of that church where once an Œcumenical Council of two thousand ministers of religion was held.

Mark the fulfilment of the prophecy! Of the seven churches of Asia, four were commended in the book of Revelation and three were doomed. The cities having the four commended churches still stand; the cities having the three doomed churches are wiped out. It occurred just as the Bible said it would occur. Drive on and you come to the theatre, which was 660 feet from wall to wall, capable of holding 56,700 spectators. Here and there the walls arise almost unbroken, but for the most part the building is down. Just enough of it is left to help the imagination build it up as it was when those audiences shouted and clapped at some great spectacle. Their huzzas must have been enough to stun the heavens. Standing there, we could not forget that in that building once assembled a throng riotous for Paul's condemnation, be-

cause what he preached collided with the idolatry of their national goddess. Paul tried to get into that theatre and address the excited multitude, but his friends held him back lest he be torn in pieces by the mob, and the recorder of the city had to read the Riot Act among the people who had shrieked for two mortal hours, till their throats were sore and they were black in the face, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians."

Now, we step into the Stadium. Enough of its walls and appointments is left to show what a stupendous place it must have been when used for foot races and for fights with wild beasts. It was a building 680 feet long by 200 feet wide. Paul refers to what transpired there in the way of spectacle when he says, "We have been made a spectacle." Yes, Paul says, "I have fought with beasts at Ephesus," an expression usually taken as figurative, but I suppose it was literally true, for one of the amusements in that Stadium

was to put a disliked man in the arena with a hungry lion or tiger or panther, and let the fight go on until either the man or the beast or both were slain. And was there ever a more unequal combat proposed? Paul, according to tradition, small, crooked-backed and weak-eyed, but the grandest man in sixty centuries, is led to the centre, as the people shout, "There he comes, the preacher who has nearly ruined our religion. The lion will make but a brief mouthful of him." It is plain that all the sympathies of that crowd are with the lion. In one of the underground rooms I hear the growl of the wild beasts. They have been kept for several days without food or water, in order that they may be especially ravenous and bloodthirsty. What chance is there for Paul? But you cannot tell by a man's size or looks how stout a blow he can strike or how keen a blade he can thrust. Witness, heaven and earth and hell, this struggle of Paul with a wild beast. The coolest man in the Stadium

is Paul. What has he to fear? He has defied all the powers, earthly and infernal, and if his body tumble under the foot and tooth of the wild beast, his soul will only the sooner find disenthralment. But it is his duty, as far as possible, to preserve his life. Now I hear the bolt of the wild beast's door shove back, and the whole audience rise to their feet as the fierce brute springs for the arena and toward its small occupant. But the little missionary has his turn of making attack, and with a few well-directed thrusts the monster lies dead in the dust of the arena, and the Apostle puts his right foot on the lion and shakes him, and then puts his left foot on him and shakes him—a scene which Paul afterwards uses for an illustration when he wants to show how Christ will triumph over death: "He must reign till he hath put all enemies under his feet;" yes, under his feet. Paul told the literal truth when he said, "I have fought with beasts at Ephesus," and as the plural is used I think he

had more than one such fight, or several beasts were let loose upon him at one time. As we stood that day in the middle of the Stadium and looked around at the great structure, the whole scene came back upon us.

But, we pass out of the Stadium, for we are in haste for other places of interest in Ephesus. To add to the excitement of the day one of our party was missing. No man is safe in that region alone unless he be armed and know how to take sure aim and not miss fire. Our companion, Dr. Louis Klopsch, had gone out on some explorations of his own, and through the gate where Paul had walked again and again, yet where no man unaccompanied should adventure now. But, after some time had passed, and every minute seemed as long as an hour, and we had time to imagine everything horrible in the way of robbery and assassination, the lost traveller appeared, to receive from our entire party a volley of expostulation for the arousal of so many anxieties.

In the midst of this city of Ephesus once floated an artificial lake, brilliant with painted boats, and through the River Caystros it was connected with the sea, and ships from all parts of the known earth floated in and out carrying on a commerce which made Ephesus the envy of the world. Great was Ephesus! Its gymnasia, its hippodrome, its odeon, its athenæum, its forum, its aqueducts (whose skeletons are still strewn along the city), its towers, its castle of Hadrian, its monument of Androclus, its quarries, which were the granite cradle of cities; its temples, built to Apollo, to Minerva, to Neptune, to Mercury, to Bacchus, to Hercules, to Cæsar, to Fortune, to Jupiter Olympus. What history and poetry and chisel and canvas have not presented has come up at the call of archæologists' powder-blast and crowbar.

But I have now to unveil the chief wonder of this chiefest of cities. In 1863, under the patronage of the English Government, Mr.

Wood, the explorer, began at Ephesus to feel along under the ground at great depths for roads, for walls, for towers, and here it is—that for which Ephesus was more celebrated than all else besides—the Temple of the Goddess Diana, called the sixth wonder of the world; and in 1889 we stood amid the ruins of that temple, measuring its pillars, transfixed by its sculpture, and confounded at what was the greatest temple of idolatry in all time. As I sat on a piece of one of its fallen columns, I said, “What earthquake rocked it down, or what hurricane pushed it to the earth, or under what strong wind of centuries did the giant struggle and fall?” There have been seven temples of Diana, the ruins of each contributing something for the splendor of all its architectural successors. Two hundred and twenty years was this last Temple in construction. Twice as long as the United States has stood was that Temple in building. It was nearly twice as large as St. Paul’s

Cathedral, London. Lest it should be disturbed by earthquakes, which have always been fond of making those regions their playground, the Temple was built on a marsh, which was made firm by layers of charcoal covered by fleeces of wool. The stone came from the quarry nearby. After it was decreed to build the Temple, it was thought it would be necessary to bring the building stone from other lands, but one day a shepherd by the name of Pixodorus, while watching his flocks, saw two rams fighting, and as they missed the interlocking of their horns and one fell, his horn knocked a splinter from the rock and showed by that splinter the lustrous whiteness of the rock. The shepherd ran to the city with a piece of that stone, which revealed a quarry from which place the Temple was built, and every month in all ages since, the mayor of Ephesus goes to that quarry to offer sacrifices to the memory of that shepherd who discovered this source of splendor and wealth

for the cities of Asia Minor. In removing the great stones from the quarry to their destined places in the Temple, it was necessary, in order to keep the wheels, which were twelve feet in diameter, from sinking deep into the earth under the unparalleled heft, that a frame of timbers be arranged over which the wheels rolled. To put the immense block of marble in its place over the doorway of one of these temples was so vast and difficult an undertaking, that the architect at one time gave it up, and in his chagrin intended suicide; but one night in his sleep he dreamt that the stone had settled to the right place, and the next day he found that the great block of marble had by its own weight settled to the right place. The Temple of Diana was four hundred and twenty-five feet long by two hundred and twenty feet wide. All Asia was taxed to pay for it. It had one hundred and twenty-seven pillars, each sixty feet high, and each the gift of a king and inscribed with

the name of the donor. Now you see the meaning of that passage in Revelation, just as a king presenting one of these pillars to the Temple of Diana had his own name chiselled on it and the name of his own country, so says Christ: "Him that overcometh will I make a pillar in the temple of my God, and I will write upon him the name of my God, and the name of the city of my God, which is New Jerusalem, and I will write upon him my new name." How suggestive and beautiful!

In addition to those pillars that I climbed over while amid the ruins of Diana's Temple, I saw afterwards eight of those pillars in Constantinople, to which city they had been removed, and are now a part of the Mosque of St. Sophia. Those eight columns are all green jasper, but some of those which stood in Diana's Temple at Ephesus were fairly drenched with brilliant colors. Costly metals stood up in various parts of the Temple,

where they could catch the fullest flush of the sun. A flight of stairs was carved out of one grape vine. Doors of cypress wood which had been kept in glue for years and bordered with bronze in bas-relief, swung against pillars of brass, and resounded with echo upon echo, caught up, and sent on, and hurled back through the corridors. In that building stood an image of Diana, the goddess. The impression was abroad, as the Bible records, that that image dropped plumb out of heaven into that Temple, and the sculptors who really made the statue or image were put to death, so that they could not testify of its manufacture and so deny its celestial origin. But the material out of which the image of Diana was fashioned contradicts that notion. This image was carved out of ebony and punctured here and there with openings kept full of spike-nard so as to hinder the statue from decaying and make it aromatic, but this ebony was covered with bronze and alabaster. A necklace

of acorns coiled gracefully around her. There were four lions on each arm, typical of strength. Her head was coronetted. Around this figure stood statues which by wonderful invention shed tears. The air by strange machinery was damp with descending perfumes. The walls multiplied the scene by concaved mirrors. Fountains tossed in sheaves of light and fell in showers of diamonds. One painting in that Temple cost \$193,750. The treasures of all nations and the spoils of kingdoms were kept here for safe deposit. Criminals from all lands fled to the shelter of this Temple, and the law could not touch them. It seemed almost strange that this mountain of architectural snow outside did not melt with the fires of color within. The Temple was surrounded with groves, in which roamed for the temptation of hunters, stags and hares and wild boars, and all styles of game, whether winged or four-footed. There was a cave with statue so intensely brilliant that it extin-

guished the eyes of those who looked upon it, unless, at the command of the priests, the hand of the spectator somewhat shaded the eyes. No wonder that even Anthony and Alexander and Darius cried out in the words of my text: "Great is Diana of the Ephesians."

One month of each year, the month of May, was devoted to her worship. Processions in garbs of purple and violet and scarlet moved through the Temple, and there were torches, and anthems, and choirs in white, and timbrels and triangles in music, sacrifices and dances. Here young men and maidens were betrothed with imposing ceremony. Nations voted large amounts to meet the expense of the worship. Fisheries of vast resource were devoted to the support of this resplendence. Horace and Virgil and Homer went into rhapsodies while describing this worship. All artists, all archæologists, all centuries agreed in saying, "Great is Diana of

the Ephesians." Paul in the presence of this Temple of Diana incorporates it in his figures of speech while speaking of the spiritual temple: "Now if any man build upon this foundation gold, silver, precious stones, etc.," and no doubt with reference to one of the previous temples which had been set on fire by Herostratus just for the fame of destroying it, Paul says: "If any man's work shall be burned, he shall suffer loss, etc.," and all up and down Paul's writings you realize that he had not only seen, but had been mightily impressed with what he had seen of the Temple of Diana.

In this city the mother of Jesus was said to have been buried. Here dwelt Aquilla and Priscilla of Bible mention, who were professors in an extemporized theological seminary, and they taught the eloquent Apollos how to be eloquent for Christ. Here John preached, and from here because of his fidelity he was exiled to Patmos. Here Paul warred against

the magical arts for which Ephesus was famous. The sorcerers of this city pretended that they could cure diseases and perform almost any miracle, by pronouncing these senseless words: "Aski Cataski Lix Tetrax Damnameneus Aision." Paul having performed a miracle in the name of Jesus, there was a lying family of seven brothers who imitated the apostle, and instead of their usual words of incantation, used the word Jesus over a man who was possessed of a devil, and the man possessed flew at them in great fierceness and nearly tore these frauds to pieces, and in consequence all up and down the streets of Ephesus there was indignation excited against the magical arts, and a great bonfire of magical books was kindled in the streets, and the people stirred the blaze until thirty-five thousand dollars' worth of black art literature were burned to ashes.

But all the glory of Ephesus I have described has gone now. At some seasons of

the year awful malarial sweep over the place and put upon mattress or in graves a large portion of the population. In the approximate marshes scorpions, centipedes and all forms of reptilian life crawl and hiss and sting, while hyenas and jackals at night slink in and out of the ruins of buildings which once startled the nations with their almost supernatural grandeur.

But here is a lesson which has never yet been drawn out. Do you not see in that Temple of Diana an expression of what the world needs? It wants a God who can provide food. Diana was a huntress. In pictures on many of the coins she held a stag by a horn with one hand and a bundle of arrows in the other. Oh, this is a hungry world! Diana could not give one pound of meat or one mouthful of food to the millions of her worshippers. She was a dead divinity, an imaginary God, and so in idolatrous lands the vast majority of people never have enough to eat.

It is only in the countries where the God of heaven and earth is worshipped that the vast majority have enough to eat. Let Diana have her arrows and her hounds; our God has the sunshine and the showers and the harvests, and in proportion as he is worshipped does plenty reign.

So also in the Temple of Diana the world expressed its need of a refuge. To it from all parts of the land came debtors who could not pay their debts and the offenders of the law, that they might escape incarceration. But she sheltered them only a little while, and while she kept them from arrest she could not change their hearts and the guilty remained guilty. But our God in Jesus Christ is a sure refuge into which we may fly from all our sins and all our pursuers, and not only be safe for time but safe for eternity, and the guilt is pardoned and the nature is transformed. What Diana could not do for her worshippers, our Christ accomplishes for us.

“Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.”

Then, in that Temple were deposited treasures from all the earth for safe keeping. Chrysostom says it was the treasure-house of nations; they brought gold and silver and precious stones and coronets from across the sea, and put them under the care of Diana of the Ephesians. But, again and again were those treasures ransacked, captured or destroyed. Nero robbed them, the Scythians scattered them, the Goths burned them. Diana failed those who trusted her with treasures, but our God, to Him we may entrust all our treasures for this world and the next, and fail any one who puts confidence in him he never will. After the last jasper column has fallen and the last temple on earth has gone into ruins and the world itself has suffered demolition, the Lord will keep for us our best treasures.

But, notice what killed Ephesus, and what

has killed most of the cities that lie buried in the cemetery of nations. Luxury! The costly baths, which had been the means of health to the city, became its ruin. Instead of the cold baths that had been the invigoration of the people, the hot baths, which are only intended for the infirm or the invalid, were substituted. In these hot baths many lay most of the time. Authors wrote books while in these baths. Business was neglected and a hot bath taken four or five times a day. When the keeper of the baths was reprimanded for not having them warm enough, one of the rulers said: "You blame him for not making the bath warm enough; I blame you because you have it warm at all." But that warm bath, which enervated Ephesus and which is always enervating except when followed by cold baths (no reference, of course, to delicate constitutions), was only a type of what went on in all departments of Ephesian life, and in luxurious indulgence Ephesus fell, and the

last triangle of music was tinkled in Diana's Temple, and the last wrestler disappeared from her gymnasiums, and the last racer took his garland in the Stadium, and the last plea was heard in her Forum, and, even the sea, as if to withdraw the last commercial opportunity from that metropolis, retreated down the beach, leaving her without the harbor in which had floated a thousand ships. Brooklyn, New York, London and all modern cities, cis-Atlantic and trans-Atlantic! take warning. What luxury unguarded did for Ephesus luxury unguarded may do for all. Opulence and splendor God grant to all the people, to all the cities, to all the lands, but at the same time, may He grant the righteous use of them.

Gymnasiums? Yes, but see that the vigor gained in them be consecrated to God. Magnificent temples of worship? Yes, but see that in them instead of conventionalities and cold pomp of service, there be warmth of de-

votion and the pure Gospel preached. Imposing court houses? Yes, but in them let justice and mercy rule. Palaces of journalism? Yes, but let all of the printing presses be marshalled for happiness and truth. Great post-office buildings? Yes, but through them day by day, may correspondence helpful, elevating and moral pass. Ornate dwelling-houses? Yes, but in them let there be altars of devotion, and conjugal, filial, paternal and Christian fidelity rule. London for magnitude, Berlin for universities, Paris for fashions, Rome for cathedrals, Athens for classics, Thebes for hieroglyphics, Memphis for tombs, Babylon for gardens, Ephesus for idolatry, but what shall be the characteristics of our American cities when they shall have attained their full stature? Would that "Holiness to the Lord" might be inscribed upon all our municipalities. One thing is certain, and that is, that all idolatry must come down. When the greatest goddess of the earth, Diana, en-

shrined in the greatest temple that ever stood, was prostrated at Ephesus, it was a prophecy of the overthrow of all the idolatries that have cursed the earth, and anything we love more than God is an idol, and there is as much idolatry in the nineteenth century as in the first, and in America as in Asia.

As our train pulled out from the station at Ephesus, the cars surrounded by the worst looking group of villains I ever gazed on, all of them seeming in a wrangle with each other and trying to get into a wrangle with us, and we moved along the columnus of ancient aqueducts, each column crowned with storks, having built their nests there, and we rolled on down towards Smyrna, and that night in a sailors' Bethel, we spoke of the Christ whom the world must know or perish, we felt that between cradle and grave there could not be anything much more enthralling for body, mind and soul, than our visit to Ephesus.

The Acropolis.

"While Paul waited for them at Athens, his spirit was stirred in him, when he saw the city wholly given to idolatry."—Acts xvii. 16.

IT seemed as if morning would never come. We had arrived after dark in Athens, Greece, and the night was sleepless with expectation, and my watch slowly announced to me one and two and three and four o'clock ; and at the first ray of dawn, I called our party to look out of the window upon that city to which Paul said he was a debtor, and to which the whole earth is debtor for Greek architecture, Greek sculpture, Greek poetry, Greek eloquence, Greek prowess and Greek history. That morning in Athens we sauntered forth armed with most generous and lovely letters from the President of the

United States and his Secretary of State, and during all our stay in that city those letters caused every door and every gate and every temple and every palace to swing open before us. The mightiest geographical name on earth to-day is America. The signature of an American President and Secretary of State will take a man where an army could not. Those names brought us into the presence of a most gracious and beautiful sovereign, the Queen of Greece, and her cordiality was more like that of a sister than the occupant of a throne-room. No formal bow as when monarchs are approached, but a cordial shake of the hand, and earnest questions about our personal welfare and our beloved country far away. But this morning we pass through where stood the Agora, the ancient market-place, the locality where philosophers used to meet their disciples, walking while they talked, and where Paul the Christian logician flung many a proud Stoic, and got the laugh

on many an impertinent Epicurean. The market-place was the centre of social and political life, and it was the place where people went to tell and hear the news. Booths and bazaars were set up for merchandise of all kinds, except meat, but everything must be sold for cash, and there must be no lying about the value of commodities, and the Agoranomi who ruled the place could inflict severe punishment upon offenders. The different schools of thinkers had distinct places set apart for convocation. The Plateæans must meet at the cheese market, the Decelians at the barber shop, the sellers of perfumes at the frankincense headquarters. The market-place was a space three hundred and fifty yards long and two hundred and fifty wide, and it was given up to gossip and merchandise, and lounging, and philosophizing. All this you need to know in order to understand the Bible when it says of Paul, "Therefore disputed he in the market daily with them that met him."

You see it was the best place to get an audience, and if a man feels himself called to preach he wants people to preach to. But before we make our chief visits of to-day we must take a turn at the Stadium. It is a little way out, but go we must. The Stadium was the place where the foot-races occurred.

Paul had been out there, no doubt, for he frequently uses the scenes of that place as figures when he tells us, "Let us run the race that is set before us," and again, "They do it to obtain a corruptible garland, but we an incorruptible." The marble and the gilding have been removed, but the high mounds against which the seats were piled are still there. The Stadium is six hundred and eighty feet long, one hundred and thirty feet wide, and held forty thousand spectators. There is to-day the very tunnel through which the defeated racer departed from the Stadium and from the hisses of the people, and there are the stairs up which the victor went to the

top of the hill to be crowned with the laurel. In this place contests with wild beasts sometimes took place, and while Hadrian, the emperor, sat on yonder height, one thousand beasts were slain in one celebration. But it was chiefly for foot-racing, and so I proposed to my friend that day while we were in the Stadium that we try which of us could run the sooner from end to end of this historical ground, and so at the word given by the lookers-on we started side by side, but before I got through I found out what Paul meant when he compares the spiritual race with the race in this very Stadium, as he says, "Lay aside every weight." My heavy overcoat and my friend's freedom from such encumbrance showed the advantage in any kind of a race of laying aside "every weight."

We come now to the Acropolis. It is a rock about two miles in circumference at the base and a thousand feet in circumference at the top, and three hundred feet high. On it

has been crowded more elaborate architecture and sculpture than in any other place under the whole heavens. Originally a fortress, afterward a congregation of temples and statues and pillars, their ruins an enchantment from which no observer ever breaks away. No wonder that Aristides thought it the centre of all things—Greece, the centre of the world; Attica, the centre of Greece; Athens, the centre of Attica, and the Acropolis, the centre of Athens. Earthquakes have shaken it; Verres plundered it. Lord Elgin, the English ambassador at Constantinople, got permission of the Sultan to remove from the Acropolis fallen pieces of the building, but he took from the building to England the finest statues, removing them at an expense of eight hundred thousand dollars. A storm overthrew many of the statues of the Acropolis. Morosini, the general, attempted to remove from a pediment the sculptured car and horses of Victory, but the clumsy machinery dropped

it, and all was lost. The Turks turned the building into a powder magazine, where the Venetian guns dropped a fire that by explosion sent the columns flying in the air and falling cracked and splintered. But after all that time and storm and war and iconoclasm have effected, the Acropolis is the monarch of all ruins, and before it bow the learning, the genius, the poetry, the art, the history of the ages. I saw it as it was thousands of years ago. I had read so much about it and dreamed so much about it, that I needed no magician's wand to restore it. At one wave of my hand on that clear morning in 1889, it rose before me in the glory it had when Pericles ordered it, and Ictinus planned it, and Phidias chiselled it, and Protogenes painted it, and Pausanias described it. Its gates, which were carefully guarded by the ancients, open to let you in, and you ascend by sixty marble steps to the Propylæa, which Epaminondas wanted to transfer to Thebes,

but permission, I am glad to say, could not be granted for the removal of this architectural miracle. In the days when ten cents would do more than a dollar now, the building cost two million three hundred thousand dollars. See its five ornamented gates, the keys entrusted to an officer for only one day lest the temptation to go in and misappropriate the treasures be too great for him; its ceiling a mingling of blue and scarlet and green, and the walls abloom with pictures utmost in thought and coloring. Yonder is a temple to a goddess called "Victory Without Wings." So many of the triumphs of the world had been followed by defeat that the Greeks wished in marble to indicate that victory for Athens had come never again to fly away, and hence this temple to "Victory Without Wings,"—a temple of marble, snow-white and glittering. Yonder behold the pedestal of Agrippa, twenty-seven feet high and twelve feet square. But the overshadowing wonder



of all the hill is the Parthenon. In days when money was ten times more valuable than now, it cost \$4,600,000. It is a Doric grandeur, having forty-six columns, each column thirty-four feet high and six feet two inches in diameter. Wondrous intercolumniations! Painted porticoes, architraves tinged with ochre, shields of gold hung up, lines of most delicate curve, figures of horses and men and women and gods, oxen on the way to sacrifice, statues of the deities Dionysius, Prometheus, Hermes, Demeter, Zeus, Hera, Poseidon; in one frieze twelve divinities; centaurs in battle; weaponry from Marathon; chariot of night; chariot of the morning; horses of the sun, the fates, the furies; statue of Jupiter holding in his right hand the thunderbolt; silver-footed chair in which Xerxes watched the battle of Salamis, only a few miles away. Here is the colossal statue of Minerva in full armor, eyes of gray-colored stone; figure of a Sphinx on her head, griffins

by her side (which are lions with eagle's beak), spear in one hand, statue of Liberty in the other, a shield carved with battle scenes, and even the slippers sculptured and tied on with thongs of gold. Far out at sea the sailors saw this statue of Minerva rising high above all the temples, glittering in the sun. Here are statues of equestrians, statue of a lioness, and there are the Graces, and yonder a horse in bronze. There is a statue said in the time of Augustus to have of its own accord turned around from east to west and spit blood; statues made out of shields conquered in battle; statue of Apollo, the expeller of locusts; statue of Anacreon, drunk and singing; statue of Olympiodorus, a Greek, memorable for the fact that he was cheerful when others were cast down, a trait worthy of sculpture. But, walk on and around the Acropolis, and yonder you see a statue of Hygeia, and the statue of Theseus fighting the Minotaur and the statue of Hercules slaying serpents.

No wonder that Petronius said it was easier to find a god than a man in Athens. Oh, the Acropolis! The most of its temples and statues made from the marble quarries of Mount Pentelicum, a little way from the city. I have here on my table a block of the Parthenon made out of this marble, and on it is the sculpture of Phidias. I brought it from the Acropolis. This specimen has on it the dust of ages, and the marks of explosion and battle, but you can get from it some idea of the delicate lustre of the Acropolis when it was covered with a mountain of this marble cut into all the exquisite shapes that genius could contrive, and striped with silver and aflame with gold. The Acropolis in the morning light of those ancients must have shone as though it were an aerolite cast off from the noonday sun. The temples must have looked like petrified foam. The whole Acropolis must have seemed like the white breakers of the great ocean of time.

But we cannot stop longer here, for there is a hill nearby of more interest, though it has not one chip of marble to suggest a statue or a temple. We hasten down the Acropolis to ascend the Areopagus, or Mars Hill, as it is called. It took only about three minutes to walk the distance, and the two hill tops are so near that what I said in religious discourse on Mars Hill was heard distinctly by some English gentlemen on the Acropolis. This Mars Hill is a rough pile of rock fifty feet high. It was famous long before New Testament times. The Persians easily and terribly assaulted the Acropolis from this hill top. Here assembled the court to try criminals. It was held in the night time, so that the faces of the judges could not be seen, nor the faces of the lawyers who made the plea, and so, instead of a trial being one of emotion, it must have been one of cool justice. But there was one occasion on this hill memorable above all others. A little man, physically weak, and his rhetoric,

described by himself as contemptible, had by his sermons rocked Athens with commotion, and he was summoned either by writ of law or hearty invitation to come upon that pulpit of rock and give a specimen of his theology. All the wiseacres of Athens turned out and turned up to hear him. The more venerable of them sat in an amphitheatre, the granite seats of which are still visible, but the other people swarmed on all sides of the hill and at the base of it to hear this man, whom some called a fanatic, and others called a madcap, and others a blasphemer, and others styled contemptuously "this fellow." In that audience were the first orators of the world, and they had voices like flutes when they were passive and like trumpets when they were aroused, and I think they laughed in the sleeves of their gowns as this insignificant-looking man rose to speak. In that audience were Scholiasts, who knew everything, or thought they did, and from the end of the

longest hair on the top of their craniums to the end of the nail on the longest toe, they were stuffed with hypercriticism, and they leaned back with a supercilious look to listen. As in 1889, I stood on that rock where Paul stood, and a slab of which I brought from Athens by consent of the Queen, through Mr. Tricoupis, the prime minister, and had placed in yonder memorial wall, I read the whole story, Bible in hand.

What I have so far said in this discourse was necessary in order that you may understand the boldness, the defiance, the holy recklessness, the magnificence of Paul's speech. The first thunderbolt he launched at the opposite hill—Acropolis—that moment all aglitter with idols and temples. He cries out, "God who made the world." Why, they thought that Prometheus made it, that Mercury made it, that Apollo made it, that Poseidon made it, that Eros made it, that Pandrocus made it, that Boreas made it, that it took

all the gods of the Parthenon, yea, all the gods and goddesses of the Acropolis to make it, and here stands a man without any ecclesiastical title, neither a D.D., nor even a reverend, declaring that the world was made by the Lord of heaven and earth, and hence the inference that all the splendid covering of the Acropolis, so near that the people standing on the steps of the Parthenon could hear it, was a deceit, a falsehood, a sham, a blasphemy. Oh, Paul, stop for a moment and give these startled and overwhelmed auditors time to catch their breath! Make a rhetorical pause! Take a look around you at the interesting landscape, and give your hearers time to recover! No, he does not make even a period, or so much as a colon or semi-colon, but launches the second thunderbolt right after the first, and in the same breath goes on to say, "God dwelleth not in temples made with hands." Oh, Paul! is not deity more in the Parthenon, or more in the Theseum, or more

in the Erechtheum, or more in the temple of Zeus Olympius than in the open air, more than on the hill where we are sitting, more than on Mount Hymettus out yonder, from which the bees get their honey. "No more!" responds Paul; "He dwelleth not in temples made with hands."

But surely the preacher on the pulpit of rock on Mars Hill will stop now. His audience can endure no more. Two thunderbolts are enough. No, in the same breath he launches the third thunderbolt, which, to them, is more fiery, more terrible, more demolishing than the others, as he cries out, "Hath made of one blood all nations." Oh, Paul! you forget you are speaking to the proudest and most exclusive audience in the world. Do not say "of one blood." You cannot mean that. Had Socrates and Plato, and Demosthenes, and Solon, and Lycurgus, and Draco, and Sophocles, and Euripides, and Æschylus and Pericles, and Phidias, and Mil-

tiades, blood just like the Persians, like the Turks, like the Egyptians, like the common herd of humanity? "Yes," says Paul, "of one blood, all nations."

Surely that must be the closing paragraph of the sermon. His auditors must be let up from the nervous strain. Paul has smashed the Acropolis and smashed the national pride of the Greeks, and what more can he say? Those Grecian orators, standing on that place, always closed their addresses with something sublime and climacteric, a peroration, and Paul is going to give them a peroration which will eclipse in power and majesty all that he has yet said. Heretofore he has hurled one thunderbolt at a time; now, he will close by hurling two at once—the two thunderbolts of Resurrection and Last Judgment. His closing words were: "Because he hath appointed a day, in the which he will judge the world in righteousness by that man whom he hath ordained; whereof he hath given assurance

unto all men, in that he hath raised him from the dead." Remember those thoughts were to them novel and provocative: that Christ, the despised Nazarene, would come to be their judge, and they should have to get up out of their cemeteries to stand before him and take their eternal doom. Mightiest burst of elocutionary power ever heard. At those two thoughts of Resurrection and Judgment, the audience sprang to their feet. Some moved they adjourn to some other day to hear more on the same theme, but others would have torn the sacred orator to pieces. The record says, "some mocked." I suppose it means that they mimicked the solemnity of his voice, that they took off his impassioned gesticulation, and they cried out: "Jew! Jew! Where did you study rhetoric? You ought to hear our orators speak! You had better go back to your business of tent-making. Our Lycurgus knew more in a minute than you will know in a month. Say, where did you get that crooked back and those weak eyes from? Ha! Ha! You try to teach us Grecians! What nonsense you talk about when you speak of

Resurrection and Judgment. Now, little old man, climb down the side of Mars Hill and get out of sight as soon as possible." "Some mocked." But that scene adjourned to the day of which the sacred orator had spoken—the day of Resurrection and Judgment.

As in Athens, that evening in 1889, we climbed down the pile of slippery rocks, where all this had occurred, on our way back to our hotel, I stood half way between the Acropolis and Mars Hill in the gathering shadows of eventide, I seemed to hear those two hills in sublime and awful converse. "I am chiefly of the past," said the Acropolis. "I am chiefly of the future," replied Mars Hill. The Acropolis said: "My orators are dead. My law-givers are dead. My poets are dead. My architects are dead. My sculptors are dead. I am a monument of the dead past. I shall never again hear a song sung. I shall never again see a column lifted. I shall never again behold a goddess crowned." Mars Hill responded: "I, too, have had a history. I had on my heights warriors who will never again unsheath the sword, and

judges who will never again utter a doom, and orators who will never again make a plea. But my influence is to be more in the future than it ever was in the past. Oh, Acropolis! I have stood here long enough to witness that your gods are no gods at all. Your Boreas could not control the winds. Your Neptune could not manage the sea. Your Apollo never evoked a musical note. Your goddess Ceres never grew a harvest. Your goddess of wisdom, Minerva, never knew the Greek alphabet. Your Jupiter could not handle the lightnings. But the God whom I proclaimed on the day when Paul preached before the astounded assemblage on my rough heights, is the God of music, the God of wisdom, the God of power, the God of mercy, the God of love, the God of storms, the God of sunshine, the God of the land and the God of the sea, the God over all, blessed forever." Then, the Acropolis spake and said, as though in self-defence: "My Plato argued for the immortality of the soul, and my Socrates praised virtue, and my Miltiades at Marathon drove back the Persian oppressors." "Yes," said Mars Hill, "your

Plato laboriously guessed at the immortality of the soul, but my Paul, divinely inspired, declared it as a fact straight from God. Your Socrates praised virtue but expired as a suicide. Your Miltiades was brave against earthly foes, yet died from a wound ignominiously gotten in after-defeat. But my Paul challenged all earth and all hell with this battle-shout, 'We wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places,' and then, on the 29th of June, in the year 66, on the road to Ostia, after the sword of the headsman had given one keen stroke, took the crown of martyrdom."

After a moment's silence by both hills, the Acropolis moaned out in the darkness, "Alas! Alas!" and Mars Hill responded, "Hosannah! Hosannah!" Then the voices of both hills became indistinct, and as I passed on and away in the twilight, I seemed to hear only two sounds—a fragment of Pentelicon marble from the architrave of the Acropolis dropping down on the ruins of a shattered idol, and the other

sound seemed to come from the rock on Mars Hill, from which we had just descended. But we were by this time so far off that the fragments of sentences were smaller when dropping from Mars Hill than were the fragments of fallen marble on the Acropolis, and I could only hear parts of disconnected sentences wafted on the night air—"God who made the world"—"of one blood all nations"—"appointed a day in which he will judge the world"—"raised him from the dead."

As that night in Athens I put my tired head on my pillow, and the exciting scenes of the day passed through my mind, I thought on the same subject on which as a boy I made my Commencement speech in Niblo's Theatre on Graduation Day from the New York University, viz: "The moral effects of sculpture and architecture," but further than I could have thought in boyhood, I thought in Athens that night that the moral effects of architecture and sculpture depend on what you do in great buildings after they are put up, and upon the character of the men whose forms you cut in the marble. Yea, I thought that

night what struggles the martyrs went through in order that in our time the Gospel might have full swing; and I thought that night what a brainy religion it must be that could absorb a hero like him whom we have considered to-day, a man the superior of the whole human race, the infidels but pigmies or homunculi compared with him; and I thought what a rapturous consideration it is that through the same grace that saved Paul, we shall confront this great Apostle and shall have the opportunity, amid the familiarities of the skies, of asking him what was the greatest occasion of all his life. He may say, "The shipwreck of Melita." He may say, "The riot at Ephesus." He may say, "My last walk out on the road to Ostia." But I think he will say, "The day I stood on Mars Hill addressing the indignant Areopagites, and looking off upon the towering form of the goddess Minerva, and the majesty of the Parthenon, and all the brilliant divinities of the Acropolis. That account in the Bible was true. My spirit was stirred within me when I saw the city wholly given up to idolatry."